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German Terrorism and British Politicians

By X.

THERE is a real threat, not only to our liberties, but to our prosperity, in the attempt of the political "old gangs" in chorus to exploit the recent tragic events in Germany in their own interests. When they tell us, as they do, that this is the sort of thing which happens if you interfere in any way with the present Parliamentary system, they are telling a lie. Quite on the contrary, this is what happens when, owing to the failure of a system to reform itself in accordance with public opinion and the needs of the times, an opportunity is given to revolutionary leaders to exploit the resulting discontent.

The origin of any revolution, whether we take Russia, Italy, Spain or Germany, as an example, is always the same. It is always found to lie in the failure of a system to reform itself from within. Russia under the Czar, Italy under Giolitti, Spain in the last days of the Directorate, Germany before Hitler, in each case we find the political old gangs clinging to each other for support, increasingly remote from the influence of public opinion, driven to every shift and every concession in order to preserve themselves in office. So true is this that in every one of these cases the old constitution had, in fact, been already destroyed or ignored by its professed defenders before the revolution took place. In this way there was created in each of these countries a situation which in fact could only be remedied by force, with all the evil results that the application of force in politics always brings.

What is the lesson for us? The lesson is clear and

simple. England must once again set the world an example of the right as opposed to the wrong method of political change. The people of this country do not want revolutionary changes; they certainly do not want violent socialistic experiments. But they are no more prepared than were the Russian, the Italian, the Spanish and the German peoples to sit down for ever under a system widely believed to be far short of the maximum efficiency. They are not to be persuaded that the only choices open to them are revolutionary socialism or a coalition of pre-war politicians ever harking back to those policies of compromise at home and concessions abroad which are responsible for so much of the suffering of the post-war world.

We must not allow ourselves to be fooled in this way. We must extend very short shrift to our "old gangs" when they try and place us in this position by pretending that any constitutional reform means mob rule and murder. Those who, like Sir Oswald Mosley, advocate such reforms are not challenging a single one of our liberties. Their loyalty to the Crown is unquestioned: they do not challenge the right of the people to choose their government; or the right of the people, once they have chosen, to change their minds. They are, however, like the majority of the British people, concerned to-day at the policy of their rulers abroad, and at the efficiency of the machine through which they attempt to carry out a policy of reform at home. Those who call themselves Fascists want to make more radical changes in the machinery of government than Lord Salisbury, who is mainly anxious to reform the Second Chamber, or Mr. Winston Churchill, who wants a third chamber to deal with industrial affairs. But, just as in 1832 we achieved democracy by consent, so to-day all parties, whatever kind of constitutional reform they advocate, intend to advocate it through and in Parliament, and make its adoption wholly dependent on the popular vote. It is not what is done that constitutes a revolution, but the

manner of doing it. Only if the old parties attempt to prevent the free expression of popular opinion in England in regard to constitutional reform will there be risk of revolution, and in that case it will have been brought about not by the advocates, but by the opponents of reform.

It is of vital importance for the British people to understand this. If we ever adopt the fatal Bourbon principle that the advocacy of reform is a revolutionary act, we shall prove false to the whole of our traditions. It is for us as citizens, and not for any group of politicians, however eminent or old, to decide by what machinery we want to be governed. To make the nature of the governmental machinery we advocate the test of good citizenship, is to introduce at once Russian and Prussian methods into England. Far more radical reforms than any that Sir Oswald Mosley advocates have been carried out by Parliamentary methods and by the persuasion of public opinion by meetings and in the press. One thing alone is certain, and that is that if the old political parties expect to kill the demand for constitutional reforms by suppressing the right of public meetings, or allowing other people to suppress them, they will start a precedent which the Socialists will be swift to follow. And if they attempt to fool the people by pretending that the advocacy of constitutional reform is anti-democratic, they will lose the confidence of the public even more rapidly than at present. Our prestige abroad is low. Two millions of people are unemployed. Our industries are being kept alive by subsidies. These things are the writing on the wall. They tell us as plainly as anything can that the good intentions of politicians are not enough, and that without a drastic overhaul of our governmental machinery, we shall not effect a recovery.

Whether the precise proposals of Sir Oswald Mosley are the best possible is for the British public, and for them alone, to judge. The interested opinion of those who have a vested interest in the present system, which has led us from one slump to another since 1918, is,

however, the very last opinion on which it would be wise to rely. The first duty of every citizen is to examine for himself the case for constitutional reform along the lines of the Corporate State, to see what it means, and to try and find a better scheme if he can.

If we fail in that obligation, the future will lie with Socialism, for what decides elections is the vote of the unattached elector who, like every one else, wants something done, but has no preconceived ideas as to the best way of doing it. Offer the silent unattached voter nothing but the choice between the gaily-painted promised land of the Socialists and the negative complacency of the old gangs, and he will inevitably, however foolishly, vote Socialist.

The present writer is not a Fascist, but like most people of his generation, he is unconvinced that our political institutions have suddenly, in this year of grace 1934, reached perfection. Like every sensible person, he realizes that we have a lot to teach other nations about politics, and most of all, about the best method of making political changes; but he realizes also, and again he is not in a minority, that we may also have something to learn from other nations. In a sense our political genius is a handicap to us in an age which throws up so many new and formidable problems. Nations whose institutions were less developed, and therefore less hallowed by tradition and sentiment than our own, have been able to inaugurate new and bold experiments in government.

It would be strange if there was nothing in these experiments which was fruitful, and stranger still if our own political machinery, evolved in wholly different circumstances, fitted the post-war situation in every respect.

The Corporate State is the name given by students of politics to the new Italian constitution. Contrary to popular belief, no attempt has been made or forecast to apply the principles of the Corporate State to Germany. The new Italian constitution has in hard fact very little to do even with the Fascist dictatorship in Italy (which

it is intended to replace) and nothing at all with National Socialism in Germany. It is, like all constitutions, a piece of governmental machinery. It can be set up by a dictator, as in Italy, but it can equally well be embodied in an Act of Parliament, and it is only on the understanding that it would be set up in this way in England that most Englishmen are interested in it. People have a habit of writing about the Corporate State as if it were a patent medicine invented by Signor Mussolini, of which the British market rights had been acquired by Sir Oswald Mosley—as if, in other words, it was something you had to take or leave exactly as it is found in Italy. This is absurd. There would inevitably and rightly be as many differences between an English and an Italian Corporate State as between the English, the French and the American parliamentary constitutions. What is interesting is to examine the principles of the Corporate State and to see how they would look and how they would work in an English dress. That is the purpose of the following paragraphs.

The idea of the Corporate State is self-government according to function or occupation. Naturally, ultimate sovereignty remains with the Government under this as under any other system, and conflicts between industries, e.g. between agriculture and commerce or shipbuilding, would have to be settled just precisely as a quarrel to-day between, say, the Treasury and the Ministry of Agriculture has to be settled, by the Cabinet. The essential principle of the Corporate State as opposed to the Political State is that, in the former, industry is autonomous as an integral part of the State; in the latter, it is wholly subject to political control imposed from outside. The Corporations into which the main industries would be organized would be representative and, within their own spheres, would have full executive authority, precisely as the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture or the Ministry of Education have to-day. Like these Ministries the Corporations would, once they were set up, only have to go to the Legislature for new

powers. Unlike these Ministries, they would be representative of, and solely responsible to, the industries they serve and their permanent staffs would be the servants of the industries and not of the central government. This marks the big, vital difference between the Corporate and the Socialist State.

It is often asked why the Corporate State cannot be reconciled with Parliamentary government exactly as we have it to-day.

The answer is that the essential of the Corporate system is the separation of the executive from the legislature and the creation not of an executive dictatorship, but of an elective executive responsible to its constituent interests, industries and professions. The control of the executive by the modern House of Commons has, in fact, entirely broken down. " Grievances before supply " is a doctrine of no meaning to-day. The House of Commons has become a purely legislative body, and the executive is uncontrolled, and is passing more and more to extra-Parliamentary bodies like the Tariff Commission and so on—bodies whose very existence is contrary to our old democratic tradition. The Corporate system claims to face the facts. The technicalities of modern government can never be controlled by a popular assembly. It is therefore necessary, if self-government is to be preserved, and industrial enterprise rescued from a haphazard, irresponsible and inefficient bureaucratic control, to set up an executive independent of the legislature, which shall be at one and the same time representative, competent and responsible to those whom it serves. The Corporate system claims not to destroy but to restore popular control of the executive to a degree quite impossible for the present House of Commons. It also claims, by setting up a legislature elected on a functional basis, to provide a competent assembly which will, in fact, be able to take its place as a real Council of State and hammer out the details of legislation, because its representatives will speak with real authority. No Government would be able in fact to put the Whips

on such an assembly, and in this way debate would become a reality again, and we should not only elect our own executive, but once again make our own laws.

The Government which would set up the Corporate State would inevitably be elected on the present basis. In making its Constitution it would be limited only by the pledges it had given the electorate. The pledges would in England have to include (*a*) retention of popular sovereignty by means of a periodic plebiscite, and (*b*) the setting-up of an Upper House or Senate on some elective basis, whose consent would be required for all constitutional changes and for all increases in taxation. The Government, under such a Constitution, could not legislate without the consent of the lower house in industrial matters, and of both houses in political matters.

The plebiscite laws would require the resignation of the Government if it failed to secure re-election by an absolute majority vote. It would then be the duty of the Crown to send for any other political leaders who would be able to form an administration which could secure a majority vote. It is improbable in practice that there would be frequent changes in government, since the main political activity would be centred on securing control of the different Corporations. Indeed, under the Corporate State, National Government at the centre might become a real political possibility.

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Many of my friends in politics will say that this or any other scheme of constitutional reform is of purely academic interest; that England stands secure in her ancient ways, that her institutions are dear to her people, and that we shall change them at our peril. To such I would only say that we are changing them already, and in a direction of which the public does not approve. The present régime of haphazard subsidies, organized and controlled by *ad hoc* bodies working behind the scenes and outside the constitution will certainly not endure.

It has already shown itself inefficient; it will inevitably breed suspicion, jealousy and log-rolling. Last, but not least, Labour will not long tolerate the paying out of the taxpayers' money in subsidies to employers without any vestige of effective popular control. The Labour remedy is a completely socialized system. It is imperative to meet this threat to our liberties by an alternative solution which will combine the twin requirements of popular control and industrial autonomy. The best approach to the study of this problem is the study of the principles of the Corporate State.

*The Death of Democracy—Six Dictators and President Roosevelt

Personal Impressions of Hitler, Dollfuss, Kemal, Mussolini, the Shah of Persia, Alexander of Yugo-Slavia and Roosevelt

By Rosita Forbes

HISTORY is repeating itself. The pendulum is swinging—backwards and forwards—towards a period in which men are more important than parliaments.

The Italy of the Borgias, the Sweden of Gustavus Adolphus, the France of Louis XIV, were little more than stages across which tramped the *dramatis personæ* who made history between the Renaissance and the Revolution of 1789. To-day, in spite of the dissident nationalisms engendered by the war, the evolution of the modern world is in the hands of half a dozen men.

In Eastern and Central Europe Democracy is dead. In Spain it is on the verge of dissolution. In South America it is a vision and in China a nightmare. Between Constantinople and Kabul it has never existed. Even in the United States it is slipping into a financial grave. Only Great Britain, Scandinavia, France and the Low Countries hold to a middle course between the Scylla of Socialism and the Charybdis of Fascism under the impression that, by avoiding Dictatorships, they are maintaining the rights of Democracy.

Under no circumstances will Russia make a war of aggression. At this moment, politically, socially and militarily, she is on the defensive. She has more land than she can possibly develop. Within her frontiers the Soviet Union comprises 180 races, speaking 150 different languages. Between Siberia and the Caucasus the

* *This article was written before the murder of Dr. Dollfuss on July 25th.*

Russian continent, provided with all known climates and types of soil, can produce everything except cocoa. A People's Commissar in Moscow summed up the situation : " We shall not make war in order to substitute cocoa for tea as the national drink, but if our frontiers are menaced, every man, woman or child, every cat and dog will be in the trenches."

Granting the accuracy of this statement, world peace is likely to be regulated by six men, Hitler, Dollfuss, Mussolini, Alexander of Serbia, Mustapha Kemal and the Shah of Persia, with President Roosevelt representing public opinion, that powerful but as yet untempered weapon, designed by Wilson and forged by the League of Nations.

According to Hitler " The mission of democracies is to choose and follow to the end their own appointed leader," but he doesn't say where they should follow if disarmament fails.

Adolf Hitler is an honest fanatic. He is inspired by two or three convictions and has no use for mere opinions. Like all fanatics, he dares to be supremely honest. All that he feels he says and as no man can possibly always feel the same every day of the week the German Chancellor is accused of instability. Yet he is a man of single purpose—the creation of a Germanic spirit within the boundaries of a German-speaking nation—and only variable with regard to the means by which his object can be achieved.

Hitler does not affect great knowledge. He speaks extremely simply. When puzzled he looks down and twists his hands. There is nothing violent about him, not even the contrast between his fair skin and his hair which is brown, not black, so that, in reality, the moustache does not stand out as it does in photographs. His eyes, while he is still on the defensive, are a trifle vacant, but as soon as he becomes interested his face and person interpret what he feels. The effect produced by Adolf Hitler both on the individual and on a mass

meeting is due to the almost painful simplicity with which he meets and disposes of the most complicated problems.

There are times when he reminds me of Gandhi who, when I asked him how he would defend the frontiers of the Indian Continent against forces ranging from Bolshevism to Afridi raiders, replied, "We shall not need to fight when we are free." On occasions Hitler is almost as idealistic. He is spending enormous sums for the relief of unemployment and, with exports falling, he is decreasing taxation and giving innumerable bonuses for the purpose of increasing consumption and at the same time cheapening the cost of production. Like Professor Sprague, he believes in "cutting the prices of those commodities for which, if prices are cut, there will be a large demand." Consequently motor-cars are to be tax-free and marriages are to be subsidized!

Pressed with regard to revenue, Hitler told me, "We need not rely on foreign markets. We can do with a simpler standard of living, providing we can stretch it to include every German-speaking person. The rich must help the poor." "But, when there are no longer any rich?" Immediately the fanatic leaped out, "It is the spirit of Germany which matters. If we eat grass to-day, what does it signify so long as that spirit is reborn?"

Yet the Chancellor is capable of tabulating both his principles and the policy of which they are productive. "As Nazis," he said, "we are against the Jews because, during the disastrous era of the Republic, which was only held together by graft, they used their brains on behalf of the Hebrew race, not the German one. We are against those Catholics to whom Rome is more important than Berlin, and against all communists because they look to Russia instead of to their own country."

In theory, Hitler is opposed to war. He said, "The

last thing we want is to conquer a few more million unemployed, but Pacifism carried to excess becomes the most abject defeatism. For 15 years Germany has been obsessed by the fact that she lost the greatest war in history. For 15 years the average German has attributed every disaster, even if it were only the failure of a potato crop, to the Treaty of Versailles. It is time that my country forgot 1918 and looked into the future. Nazi-ism is restoring the national self-respect."

Hitler's sincerity is infectious, but like the majority of his compatriots, he has difficulty in comprehending an alien point of view. Consequently, in his mind, German obligations to Germany will always take precedence of German obligations to the rest of the world. The Chancellor organized his brown battalions and set them marching because only the comradeship born of a uniform and a united purpose could give confidence to Germany's last generation, the post-war youth which, under the Republic, saw no hope of ever getting work, but it is the potential offensive which appeals to the great mass of his supporters.

Across the Bavarian frontier, Dollfuss, regarded by the young people of Austria as a reactionary, is fighting with his back against the wall, striving to preserve what is already lost. Catholic and Conservative, he stands for two principles, unpopular in Modern Europe, and he is on the defensive which is always dull. A little man, as little as Napoleon, he gives me the impression of youth and energy and common sense. Here is no fire-brand or fanatic, no Machiavelli, juggling with politics and using statesmen as powers, but a good, honest gentleman marching with the times because there is no other road to follow. But, appealing to Austrian nation-alism when the national existence of his country depends on the continuance of uneconomic foreign loans, to her patriotism when by Treaty Austria has been drained of all her resources, Dollfuss is without a weapon unless he can

forge one out of a Central European federation. Meanwhile, if the Nazi battalions march their goal will not be France, superlatively armed, or Poland, prepared for war to the last tank and the last aeroplane, but Austria, helpless and half-starved.

Both fledgeling dictators look to Mussolini for advice. So that Italy, for the moment, is the deciding factor in European politics. She is ruled by a man who stands alone, intolerant of criticism, allowing neither comparison nor competition; yet among the post-war autocrats only Mussolini has succeeded in building a structure which will certainly outlast his death. Italian Fascism is independent of its creator and this is the more strange because, unlike the rulers who have taken him as their model, Mussolini's character is equally compounded of patriotism and personal ambition.

He has put Italy on her feet and made a nation out of a collection of states which Garibaldi, freeing them from the temporal power of the Vatican, failed to liberate from diverse personal interests. He has recolonized in North Africa what was the granary of the Roman Empire. With Balbo's Atlantic flight he realised his country's predominance in the air. And like the Moguls who blinded architects and artists upon the consummation of their best work, he gave expression to his dual inspiration when he exiled to Tripolitania the creator of Italy's aerial ascendancy. It was no case of a dictator needing a victim in the person of a too-powerful rival, but of North Africa needing a Cecil Rhodes, and the work being more important than the worker.

Mussolini is so completely identified with Italy that neither he nor his followers can separate the two. When I was last in Milan a Fascist procession was marching through the streets shouting " Down with Yugo-Slavia ! " The watching crowd took up the cry.

" Do you know anything about Yugo-Slavia ? " I asked a man who was shouting himself hoarse.

" No," he replied, " What is it ? "

His neighbour reviled him for a fool. "Yugo-Slavia is an enemy of the Duce," he explained. "Is that not enough for you?"

In 1920, when Fascists were in armed revolt against the Communism which threatened a disordered and discontented country, Milan was in a state of siege. Walls were lined with sandbags. Trains were stationary and the great station, which is now a model for the whole of Europe, blocked with unloaded wagons. From one of these a stalwart, bull-necked man, of such dominating and inflexible personality that he galvanized even strikers and "reds" into surprised obedience, helped me to rescue my luggage. During the whole lengthy and laborious process he never smiled. Neither did he say an unnecessary word, but in a situation bristling with arms as well as difficulties, in a country where to-morrow is more popular than to-day, he was speed and efficiency personified. The bull-necked man was Mussolini!

The next time I saw him was when he rode into Rome, a Rome divided between cheers and opposition, at the head of 10,000 Fascists. The King had come out "to meet a brother" and at the city gate the man who knew himself already dictator dismounted to salute, a gesture on the part of Humberto which was both generous and brave. When I next spoke with Mussolini I found him barricaded behind a colossal desk. Here, divided by an unending expanse of shining floor from the entrance through which visitors approach, he awaits, under a portrait of himself, the fortunate or the unfortunate to whom he has awarded an audience.

The white-hot enthusiasm of the Milan days has gone. The dictator has taken the place of the man, but without losing any quality of leadership. Mussolini does not need the tricks with which he seeks to impress his visitors. The basilisk stare, the lidless eyes, are unnecessary. Judged by his achievements he is the greatest man alive to-day. If his work is not done, it is at least time-proof. It does not even need the test of war.

Mussolini, genius and megalomaniac, with a mind that outstrips contemporary thought and a passion for detail that can only be satisfied by the regulation of morals, manners, fashion and society, as well as politics, industry, colonization and invention in accordance with the driving purpose of his existence, which is to replace Italy where Rome stood 2,000 years ago, realises this. Hence the relaxing of the tension which for a decade has made Albania a highly charged wire between Italy and Yugo-Slavia.

There could have been no meeting between the Kings of Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria without Mussolini's approval, for the shadow of Italy reaches the mouth of the Danube.

Yet Alexander, King of the Serbs, Croates and Slovenes, had better material at his disposal when he took upon himself to create a nation. For his people, though mixed of race, speech and religion, were united by the common ambition of their fighting blood. The Yugo-Slavs are primarily soldiers. With the butts of their rifles and their bare hands, in rags, bare-footed and without food, they fought their way back through their snow-bound mountains in the wake of the enemy retreat, the most amazing episode of the war. And to-day they can only be united by an appeal to their military principles.

Alexander, the only royal dictator, is the strong man of the Balkans. His nerves and his will are of iron. In constant danger of assassination, his life is worth less than that of the last president of a South American republic, but bombs and bullets trouble Alexander no more than political crises. His family seems to be imbued with the same courage. Visiting them at Toppla, a small summer palace outside Belgrade, where the royal children are guarded as if they were prisoners, I walked on a hillside with the Queen and saw an acre or two blow up at our feet. Sentries ran from all directions. Queen Marie remained unmoved. Shaking herself free of earth and stones, she said, " I had forgotten they were dynamiting for my new vineyard."

King Alexander differs from most autocrats in that he sees the need of alliances not only between nations, but between personalities. He said, "Kings should be the first internationalists," and in accordance with this precept, he succeeded in bridging the chasm represented by conflicting interests in Macedonia (most of which geographical impossibility is included in the boundaries of Yugo-Slavia and inhabited by Bulgarian-speaking rebels) during the period of his meeting with his neighbour, King Boris. Whether peace in the Balkans is within the bounds of practical politics will depend almost entirely on the success of Alexander's dictatorship, for, if Yugo-Slavia splits into three or four different states, it will be the beginning of a hunt in which Hungary, Roumania and Bulgaria will play the part of hounds and Mussolini of huntsman.

Turkey, once the sick man of the Balkans, now dominates the bridge between Asia and Europe, that vastly important road by which all invaders, from Alexander the Great and Genghiz Khan to Napoleon, have passed East or West. Mustapha Kemal, President of the new republic and creator of Turkey-in-Asia, is fundamentally a soldier. He was at his best when, under the menace of the Treaty of Sèvres, which would have had the effect of eliminating Turkey from the map of Europe, he conjured an army out of the rocks of Anatolia and by a feat unparalleled, except by the Servian advance in 1918, he drove the Greeks into the sea.

I met him in the spring of 1920 when he was still General Kemal content with a tent in the hills, a packing case for a seat and a vision of Turkey independent of Allied control. At that time he was surrounded by a group of devoted adherents, most of whom were subsequently sacrificed. For Kemal distrusts everyone but himself. He is sufficiently a Turk to be always on the alert for the treachery and intrigue which undermined the Caliphate. He has neither the personal ambition of Mussolini, nor the mysticism of Hitler. He

does not see himself as supernaturally chosen to fulfil a mission. He is a soldier, carrying out difficult operations in the face of opposition.

Without money or resources, he has created an important modern republic on the foundations of a rotting empire and a wilderness distraught by tribal raids. It is his ambition to make Turkey homogenous. In order to do this, he instituted an exchange of populations with Greece which deprived coastal Anatolia of her best farmers and vinecultors. For the same purpose he has practically annihilated such alien elements within his borders as the Kurds of Mount Ararat and the christian Armenians and Assyrians.

Eastern in his treatment of enemies and political opponents, he has proved himself Western in his conception of his country's needs. Inspired by the now exiled Khalida Khanoum Edib, Turkey's Joan of Arc, who discarded her veil at the head of a battalion marching against the Greeks, and subsequently became first Minister of Education under the Republic, Kemal won the undying support of his countrywomen by liberating them from the veil. He put education and public works on a level with national defence. Like Marshal Lyautey, creator of French Morocco, he built for the future when, with scientific hygiene at his disposal, he hopes to double the population of Anatolia by halving her infant mortality.

Since 1920 I have seen Kemal as a diplomatist, weighing the advantages of Arab and Persian alliances; as a politican, discounting the Ottoman Debt and keeping Europe at a distance; as a farmer driving his own tractor on the farm he has made out of a barren hillside near Angora; and as a host at the famous Araki parties which are erroneously supposed to degenerate into orgies at midnight. The Turkish President is not an ascetic like Hitler, but neither has he Mussolini's harem attitude towards women. For fifteen years he has made exhaustive demands on his strength, mental and physical. He is overworked because he cannot decentralize. He is tired

and to a certain extent out of place within the walls of his house at Angora, for he was meant to be an Alexander and he finds himself, perforce, a Machiavelli. He leaves no heir capable of maintaining a nation still in the making, for between the Anatalian peasants, who are fanatical Moslems, and the Agnostic townsmen, imported from Constantinople, there is a gulf of centuries. He, himself, has destroyed the men who might have nursed through its minority the republic to which their leader's genius gave birth. When Kemal dies Turkey will be at the mercy of half a dozen political factions, just as Persia, now one of the stablest as well as the most progressive countries in Asia, will be defenceless on the Russian path to India if anything happens to the Shah before his son is old enough to dominate the young nation.

Reza Shah is of more solid build than Kemal. He also is a soldier, using military methods to create a united country out of what, ten years ago, was no more than a collection of warring tribes. He, also, is isolated by his fear of rivals. The solace which the Turkish President is supposed to find in Araki is provided for the Shah by an occasional pipe of opium, but neither ruler knows the meaning of relaxation. Both are determined to isolate their countries from European influence while modernizing them on Western lines. "I do not want Persians to be bad copies of Europeans," Reza Shah told me in the summer palace at Sa-ad Abad, "I want them to be self-sufficient, capable and decisive. For years the Persian has thought himself inferior to the European. For all practical purposes he has always leaned on the nearest foreigner. Now he must learn to stand alone." It might have been Hitler speaking; for the Dictator of Persia, who has freed his country from England and the Soviet as well as from raiders, bandits, tribal superstitution, priestly tyranny and a supine fatalism, seeks to induce self-respect among his people by displays of Persia's new military force. Both countries are marching

into a future wherein one will, normally, be on the offensive and the other sufficiently occupied by the defensive, since only the Shah blocks Russia's Eastward commercial and cultural campaigns.

Here are six men who have proclaimed themselves dictators, and while they live, three, at least, can count on a continuance of the national stability for which they have laboured. But future historians studying the personalities of our generation may come to the conclusion "There was another greater than these."

President Roosevelt's problems differ from those of his fellow autocrats. Instead of building a nation out of the chaos of conflicting political, racial or tribal ambitions, he has to convince a collection of diverse peoples, sincerely determined to be a nation, that they are in reality a continent, with continental possibilities for development, for regional alliances, for distribution, production and trade.

Before I met the President, I had heard him called a Tory-anarchist, a red-hot socialist, a Jeffersonian aristocrat, a country gentleman with all the prejudices of his class, the most astute politician that ever reigned at the White House, a Gladstonian Liberal and "either the best or the last president the U.S.A. will ever have."

Like everyone else, I was first impressed by Franklin Roosevelt's vitality. When he leaves a crowded room, it is empty. Seated at his desk, he gives the impression of towering above everyone standing. His big gay voice dominates the assembly, however large. He produces his effects without effort by sheer force of personality. His energy and vigour are so prodigious that the man seems to be a human dynamo, shedding light in the most unexpected places. Only Mussolini could stand up to him, and Mussolini has no charm.

A business man without illusions told me that he had passed one of the most interesting hours of his life watching the President handle a hostile deputation. "The men represented a Trust which has been pretty

well shorn. They are as tough as they are made and they arrived at the White House determined not to yield a cent. By the time they had been there half an hour, Roosevelt had got them," he said, and added with a grim smile, " No bird would be safe on a bough when that man is about ! "

To me the President is most interesting because of his mind, which is not only contemporary, but a compound of experimental and practical sense. In nine cases out of ten, government to-day means an attempt to impose the ideas of the last generation upon the present one. But Roosevelt is in touch with, and even sometimes ahead of, contemporary thought. With a continent at his disposal, he can afford to be experimental. America can try the effect of provocative legislation in two or three states without imposing a burden on the whole nation in the shape of a federal law. N.R.A. is in the same fortunate position with regard to industry. And Roosevelt's audacity is only equalled by his adaptability. If N.R.A. stands for Social Justice, it is a justice tempered to meet diverse needs, temporary or otherwise.

Double or treble the vitality of an ordinary man's body has gone into the President's brain, so that the personality which rises superior to crippled limbs stands not only for an almost superhuman gallantry, but for an originality and fertility of political conception that might be impossible to a man with a wider range of physical activities.

Whereas most constitutional rulers regard their functions as limited to the museum created by precedent, Roosevelt resembles a scientist in a laboratory supplied with all the latest and least-known materials. By means of constant experiment and possibly at the cost of an explosion or two, he is bound to obtain the precipitate for which America is waiting. It is only a matter of time, but time is against him. In four years the President is called upon to solve problems more complicated than the dictators of Europe and Asia will have to deal with in a

lifetime, for social or racial difficulties are capable of natural solutions and it was primarily with these that Mussolini, Kemal, the Shah, and even Hitler have been faced. But the U.S.A. present a mechanical and financial problem soluble only in the realms of those economies which, according to Washington's advisory professors, are " no longer an exact science."

So far the general trend of socialism has been to lower the standard of living in those countries where it has been tried, but the President's socialism—if he is a Socialist—aims at levelling conditions upwards rather than downwards. Presumably Roosevelt believes that, if he can induce a practical co-operation in the place of competition, a theory in *direct opposition* to the individualism which has hitherto been the mainspring of American enterprise, N.R.A. will refute those prophets who claim that it is possible to distribute poverty, but quite impossible to do the same with wealth.

At the present moment America, having passed through a latter-day phase when she waited, supine, for Judgment, or a Miracle, is in the middle of a Sunday School Revolution in which the presidental smile, representing, as it does, an overwhelming and infectious confidence, takes the place of machine-guns and the Blue Eagle that of the red flag. Four years is too short a period to translate revolution into evolution, but Main Street at least is convinced that " if anyone can do the trick," if anyone knows enough and dares enough, it is Franklin Roosevelt, himself the insoluble problem of the United States.

Frederick Delius: A Critical Estimate

By Basil Hogarth

MUCH polemical ink has been spilt disputing the exact proportions of English characteristics in the music of Frederick Delius. In the past the discussion has frequently turned upon idle and irrelevant national traits, and hasty generalizations have been accepted in place of reasoned criticism. To those who are inclined to rate artistic nationalism too highly, Stendhal's *riposte* is the only rejoinder: "My country is where there are most people like myself." Yet even in the strictest sense of the term "English," there can be no doubt that Delius was essentially an Englishman by birth, breeding and temperament. His accent, with its suggestion of the Yorkshire Pennines: his reserve and distrust of artistic cliques and coteries were in keeping with his Northern origin. Those who were privileged to know him intimately in Edwardian days never failed to mark the dominant features of the English temper: the firm and business-like conduct of daily affairs, his horror of exaggeration both in art and life, his outspoken views, his disgust with public emotion. Nothing could be more enlightening than the account of Busoni, Sinding and Delius lunching in a Berlin restaurant with their wives. Suddenly Busoni roared, "Three composers and their women! And each is thinking her man is the best!" Whenever Delius related this incident he used to add, characteristically: "Really, that's not the sort of thing one should say, you know!" A casual comment like that testifies more eloquently to Delius's English outlook than pages of genealogical research.

But his compositions reflect to a still greater extent his ties with English culture. While it is true that many of his works were suggested by foreign texts of Nietzsche, Ibsen and Gottfried Keller, the fact must not be stressed

too much, for he was an omnivorous reader in the literature of several countries: frequently his volatile imagination was quickened by some passage that he read in a foreign author. Nevertheless, whatever the source of his original inspiration, all that he composed was essentially the product of his own mind—a mind steeped in the traditional culture of England. There is a certain psychological quality in English literature, particularly in our poetry, that is not met with in the literatures of other races. This quality is prominent in Wordsworth's *Prelude, Tintern Abbey*, and the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, in Gray's *Elegy* and the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and, if a prose counterpart is wanted, in Charles Lamb's *Dream Children*. It is impossible to define the precise ingredients that constitute this quality: the reader is susceptible to its general effect rather than its individual factors. To quote Browning:—

> "Just when we're safest, there's a sunset touch,
> . . . To rap and enter in our soul."

It is this quality which Delius has transmuted into music. In the phrase of Nietzsche it is the pathos of distance. The quality is not entirely unknown to previous composers: it pervades, to a lesser extent, the music of Brahms and Gustav Mahler. Those familiar with the pianoforte sonatas of Brahms will recollect that the intermezzo of the F minor sonata is entitled *Rückblick*—"the backward glimpse." But this Teutonic *rückblick*, with its beery sentiment and its facile tears, is something very different from the English prototype. In English poetry the emotion is invariably connected with a landscape, as for example in the Ode of Thomas Gray "on a distant prospect" of Eton. It is an attempt to fix in words the nostalgia of a natural scene, an attempt to recapture something of that pang of almost envious sorrow that stirs the imagination of the Englishman and renders him sensitively aware to the transience of human life. It is strange that Delius is the only composer

who has succeeded in transplanting this specifically English emotion into the realm of music. It is the spirit which animates such nature-pieces by Delius as *A Song Before Sunrise, On Hearing The First Cuckoo in Spring*, and *Brigg Fair*. These works are as English as the landscapes that inspired them. Yet Delius never attempted to make capital out of this aspect of his art: he never "boosted" the English countryside in his music after the fashion of Smetana's trumpery *Mein Vaterland* cycle, which suggests nothing so much as a blatant advertising campaign on "See Bohemia This Summer" lines. No such vulgar lapses of taste mar the scores of Delius.

He was never merely pictorial or descriptive; it is a profound error to regard him as a musical realist, a Zola of the tone art like Moussorgsky or Strauss. Nor is he an obscure impressionist like Debussy, with whom he has often been compared by uninstructed commentators. At no time has he ever paid that attention to external detail which is the one indispensable qualification of your musical realist. What he always sought to do was to evoke the subtle overtones of nature by means of an extremely sensitive orchestral palette. His most personal utterances cannot be pinned down to any preconceived "programme" or schedule of events. Unlike those of Dvorak, Strauss and Liszt, his orchestral works do not narrate any story; neither in *Eventyr* ("Once Upon a Time"), based upon a composite picture of folk-legends by Norway's Burns, Asbjörnsen, nor in *Paris: Impressions by Night*, has Delius supplied the listener with any definite clue to a circumstantial narrative. In this respect he was the despair of those programme-note writers who love to weave literary allusions into a musical work. To those who approached him with requests to divulge the literary basis of *Paris* or *Eventyr*, he would make reply: "Music that needs explanation always arouses the suspicion that, if left to stand on its own merits, it would quickly collapse. Music should be

concerned with emotions, not with events. To make music imitate some other thing is as futile as to try to make it say 'Good Morning' or 'It's a fine day.' It is only that which cannot be expressed otherwise that is worth expressing in music."

Such Straussian effects as the baby's rattle in the *Domestic Symphony*, or the encounter with the bleating sheep in *Don Quixote* found no place in Delius's scheme of composition. He was not deceived by external trappings: in that Eastern lyric *The Garden of the Seraglio*, or in that perfect example of incidental music, the suite written for Flecker's *Hassan*, he carefully eschewed that cheap "local colour" so dear to the hearts of the lesser composers who imagine a Chinese gong and a minor mode sufficient to convey the illusion of the sultry Orient. His genius for divining the spirit, the inner consciousness of things, forced him to discard such feeble crutches of the imagination. Quite often, however, he would seize upon some apparently realistic trifle and use it symbolically, in the manner of Chekhov, so that in it he concentrated its eternal character. The cuckoo call in *On First Hearing the Cuckoo*, the twitter of the lark in *A Late Lark*, the melancholy surge of the wave on a deserted shore in *Sea Drift*, such details he would introduce into his score, transforming them into a symbolical microcosm of his whole philosophy. Even in such an epic as *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, he would pause to linger over a boatman's song, not in order to impart a touch of realism, but because the boatman's cry ("Heigh Ho! Passers By are We!") symbolized in one pregnant phrase the totality of impression that he longed to convey. Again the plaintive love-call of the whip-poor-will in *Appalachia* is ineffably pathetic because Delius charged it with an eternity of suffering and pity. When Sir Thomas Beecham produced *A Village Romeo* at Covent Garden, many critics pounced upon the fair-scene, taking the opportunity to let loose a torrent of ill-informed gibes against realism in music. They never realized that Delius painted all the

garish elements of the noisy fair in order to achieve a poignant psychological contrast between the friendless and penniless lovers on the one hand, and the harsh, unfeeling horseplay of the crowd on the other. Just as Gissing unflinchingly set down the squalid *minutiæ* of the nether world in order to intensify its devastating effects upon his most sensitive and highly strung characters, so Delius vividly pictured the raucous hurly-burly of the side shows with their gaping crowds of country yokels.

It was indeed his intuitive genius for expressing transient emotional states in music that rendered him the supreme master of the tragic style. He possessed, alone amongst contemporary composers, that infinite sense of pity and wonder that was the touchstone of the Greek and Elizabethan tragedians. "To purge the emotions through pity": Aristotle's phrase could be placed on every score of Delius. He himself confessed, "To me, music is a cry of the soul—it is a revelation." Some of his finest work reveals a mind sensitively aware to the oppression and cruelty, the meaningless suffering that is implicit in nature. No one with the slightest instinct for sympathy has ever failed to be moved by the haunting pathos of his *Sea Drift*. Other composers have set Walt Whitman to music, but none has so faithfully transcribed "the scowl and murk" of Whitman's impassioned utterances so intensely as Delius. The seascape has often found musical expression in such compositions as Rimsky Korsakov's *Sadko* and *The Legend of the Czar Saltan*, Debussy's *La Mer*, Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*, but picturesque as these are, they fade into comparative insignificance when placed alongside Delius's inspired version of Whitman's sombre shore strewn with seaweed, and the melancholy sight of gaunt rocks crumbling to decay. "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best" was Byron's judgment on Crabbe: we can say no less of Delius.

He wrote nothing which he had not deeply felt. There is scarcely a page in his work that does not reveal

as in a flash some new and intense spiritual experience, some finer perception into nature. Such vivid works as *Paris, A Life's Dance,* and *Appalachia* were indeed the outcome of intense emotions, contacts made with life in the raw. They were not the studied filigrees of some artistic recluse in an ivory tower. They represent a sublimation of those alternating moods of dejection and rapture which are the essence of the true poetic spirit that informs English poetry from Chaucer to Hardy.

He could recapture the first careless rapture of spring and of summer. Yet equally well could he invoke the pathos of a desolate beech-forest stricken with autumnal rains, as in the seventh tableau of *Fennimore and Gerda.* In the same opera he depicts also a bleak, frozen fjord, and his harmonies take on that harsh wintry mood that we are accustomed to associate only with symphonies of the Finnish master Sibelius. Perhaps the most entrancing tonal effect in the whole range of modern music occurs at that point in his score of *Hassan* where Bagdad is drenched in a mystic moonlight and from afar a caravan slowly approaches chanting "We take the Golden Road to Samarkand." The aetherial effect of the male voices, at first heard only as a rustling whisper then slowly swelling to a powerful climax of harmonic majesty cannot be described in words: it conveys an almost supernal impression that abides in the memory long after the scenic illusion has vanished.

This partiality for refined nostalgic effects has led many to regard Delius as Huysmans regarded Edgar Allan Poe, a painter of the October of the passions. But such a description is misleading—it is but one side of his genius. Side by side there existed an ecstatic frenzy, an exuberant *joie de vivre* very different from the mournful, lachrymose self-pity of the Boston poet. To those who only know their Delius by hearsay, his robust vigour will come as a tonic. A life-long disciple of Nietzsche and Browning, he flung open the shutters of his mind and, rejoicing in nature's bounty, took his fill

of joy to overflowing. The opening of *A Mass of Life*, that ritual of pagan mysticism, *A Dance Rhapsody*, *Paris* and *A Life's Dance* all bear testimony to this side of his psychology. Such songs as *Minstrels*, *To the Queen of My Heart*, and *The Bird's Story* were conceived in this vein of rich, manly vigour. If any proof of Delius's English temperament were needed, it would only be necessary to browse through the scores of *Over the Hills and Far Away*, *A Song of the High Hills*, and the *North Country Sketches*. They bring into the concert room the breezy heights of the same Yorkshire moorland that inspired the Brontës.

He owed allegiance to no formal school or caste of musical technique. With Molière he could have claimed, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*" Even his earliest compositions bear his characteristic imprints, they abound in the inimitable Delian idiom as surely as those of his last creative years. A detailed comparison between his latest composition *Songs of Farewell*, published in 1931, and his earliest, *Over the Hills*, published in 1893, would reveal countless examples of a consistent maturity and originality of expression rarely to be met with in art. In the work of most composers, discrepancies of style are evinced that enable the acute critic to penetrate the composer's mental growth. But you will search in vain for such indications of stylistic change in Delius. He travelled as extensively as Lord Byron, but his experiences never caused him to revise his mode of technique in the extreme manner that caused Byron to revolutionize his diction between the publication of the second and third cantos of *Childe Harold*. With Delius his work is all of a piece: he never wrote "occasional" works, and he never took up his pen except under the influence of some profound and moving emotion.

That is why it is quite futile to examine his scores for traces of other composers' influences. No doubt, if you were to institute a lineal comparison between the canon of Grieg, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann, Liszt and

that of Delius, you could draw up an inventory proving a slight indebtedness to Grieg in respect of harmony, to Chopin in respect of rhythm, to the Wagner of *Parsifal* and the *Siegfried Idyll*, and to Liszt of the *Dante* and *Tasso* symphonic poems in respect of the development of thematic material; while certain similarities of cadence could doubtless be established between Schumann and the English tone-poet. But taken all in all these points of contact would count for very little, for Delius was the most personal, the least derivative of our composers.

His system of composition was unique; indeed it was so unmethodical as to lead the rubber-stamp type of critic to imagine that Delius pursued no method at all. His style resists all attempts at definition on objective criteria. Many have supposed, on the evidence of his habit of ceaseless revision, even after public performance, that he was an indifferent technician. If a vigilant practice of pruning and polishing convicts an artist of technical inefficiency, then assuredly Delius stands condemned—in the distinguished company of Flaubert, Milton, Beethoven, Michelangelo, George Moore and Conrad, to instance but a few of his *socii criminis*. In point of fact, his technical equipment (acquired under the stern discipline of those Leipzig taskmasters, Jadassohn and Reinecke) was unrivalled, either in this country or abroad. The canon in *Sea Drift* is a sufficient answer to those who repeat the parrot cry of the pedants, "Delius lacks form." If he did not utilize fugal devices more often, it was not from any lack of initiation into the mysteries of musical carpentry, but solely from an artist's conviction that they did not offer him the ideal medium for the transmission of his individual expression. Like Berlioz his emotions were susceptible only of harmonic treatment. The notion of inventing dreary symphonic clockwork in the fashion of Max Reger and Paul Hindemith would have appalled Delius. For him music was a passionate quest for an ideal, not a mathematical exercise, to be finished with the flourish "Q.E.D."

His form was not derived from a study of text-books, assisted by the sedulous application of the musical footrule. It flowered spontaneously from the emotional crisis of its soil. His plangent harmonies followed no rigid pre-ordained system as did those of Scriabine and Debussy. Steeped in the nectar of nostalgia, his melodies drift along their harmonic current, like water lilies floating on a submerged pool. Whether writing for voices or orchestra, he was the past-master of iridescent nuances. Nothing more ravishing in its loveliness has been or will ever be composed than his part-song, for unaccompanied choir, *To Be Sung of A Summer Night on Water*. For such musical magic, the vocabulary of criticism has no appropriate adjectives.

Up to the last Delius retained unimpaired this priceless gift of harmony. His last work was an infinitely touching version of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. I will quote the opening stanza. It might have been his epitaph :—

> Now finale to the shore;
> Now, love and life, farewell.
> Now voyager, depart (much for thee is yet in store).
> Often enough hast thou adventured o'er the seas,
> Cautiously cruising, studying the chart,
> Duly again to port and hawser's tie returning.
> But now obey thy cherished, secret wish.
> Embrace they friends, leave all in order,
> To port and hawser's tie no more returning.
> Depart ! Depart upon they endless cruise, old sailor.
> Depart, old sailor,
> Depart !

Parliamentary Reform—The Urgent Need

By the Earl of Cottenham

PART II—AN ALTERED SYSTEM.

Part I *of this article appeared in the July Number of the English Review.*

THE main fault of our Parliamentary system is, that it is well on the way to being upside down. A topsy-turvy aspect is always ludicrous, but it becomes a positive danger to well-being when it affects the constitution. The scheme, embracing as it does almost innumerable bodies to which it is possible for the central government to pass problem after problem—thus piling delay upon delay—has almost imperceptibly become one that is operated more at the lethargic behest of creaking associated groups than by an active directorate quickly and energetically responding to the presage of modern national, and international, contingencies and so maintaining the balance and equilibrium of the whole. Such a state of affairs is obviously wrong; worse, in fact; it is frankly dangerous. I can well understand the acute anxiety which prompts far more people than is generally supposed, to wish for a dictator.

Many of these, however, make the mistake of not explaining (or, perhaps, of not even considering) what is the form of dictatorship for which they yearn. Consequently their aspirations remain misunderstood by those who are sufficiently intelligent to explore all possibilities from an unprejudiced point of view, quite apart from being anathema to those whose mentality is such that, come what may, they can never see more than one side to any question. Incidentally, this latter type furnishes one of the greatest problems of the day, for it is numerous and the influence which its members exert to hinder the march of true civilization is unfortunately as great as their capacity for serious thought is

small. They are the narrow-minded folk of all creeds, who, professing strict adherence to one faith (seldom thoughtfully, for narrow-mindedness precludes useful thought), can see little good in those who follow another; the narrow-minded Christians (so called) of all denominations who can see nothing but evil in those who investigate psychic phenomena in the hope of benefiting humanity; the narrow-minded anti-vivisectionists who deny that medical science has aided us all by humanely conducted experiments involving vivisection; the narrow-minded Christian Scientists (so called) who would withhold from suffering persons the divine gift of medical science (as opposed, of course, to many sensible ones who would not); the narrow-minded people of all countries who see no virtue in any other country, but of whom some are glibly anxious to apply to one nation the post-war remedies which have proved to some extent efficacious in the cases of others, despite the fact that their racial characteristics, problems, and resources are very different. It is, alas, almost inconceivable that the cure for such widespread stupidity will become anything like universal in the lifetime of the present generation. That it will eventually follow upon the heels of further education, the gradual death of superstition, and the slow growth of international understanding, is the greatest factor in keeping the hands of devoted men and women in every country to the task of commonsense reform.

Our Parliamentary system of government is being assailed on all sides, and rightly assailed, because it is no longer as efficient as it should be. The question is whether those who assail it have anything better to suggest. Those who attack from the "left" are the Socialists, the Communists, and Sir Stafford Cripps. Those who attack from the "right" are the Fascists. All these parties—if some of them can be dignified by the name of parties—present schemes of constitutional reform, or, rather, demolition. In these schemes the

common denominator appears to be the reduction of Parliament to impotence. They are, therefore, to be classed as destructive rather than constructive, and, as such, must suffer accordingly in the opinion of reasonable men and women.

They could only be termed constructive if they were designed to replace a Parliamentary system which had gone downhill so completely that its replacement by any form of discipline would be regarded as an upward step. This is what has happened in certain foreign countries, where we have all had an opportunity of watching the travail through which their peoples have had to pass in giving birth again to sanity. And even then they have not all succeeded. Not in every case has sanity been reborn, but instead an ill-disguised slavery, persecution that is openly anti-God, and a foul impertinence that aims really at international anarchy and rejoices in the somewhat misleading name of Communism. Maternity in women has always its attendant dangers, greatly minimised now by the provisions of medical knowledge, but maternity in nations still remains a hazardous function fraught with desperate risks. The result, as we have seen in recent years, may be a sturdy healthful child like Italy, born only with the normal pangs of child-birth and subject simply to teething troubles and childish ailments, although severe at times; or, like Russia, a child of illegitimacy and sorrow, brought forth with a weakening hæmorrhage of ghastly massacre, and reared by unscrupulous alien foster-parents as an ill-begotten oaf, trained—at any rate in youth—to a life of crime.

Not one of the schemes for Parliamentary reform emanating either from our "left" or "right" could be described as original. They have been borrowed for the most part from Russia or Italy. And although we have seen Russia fail more often than succeed, and Italy succeed more often than fail, there is no valid reason for supposing that a constitution formed on the lines either of one or the other would succeed in Great Britain.

The salient feature of our own Parliamentary system is that it is essentially our own, and suited to us. It has evolved itself. In fact, so far from being borrowed from other countries, it has been a model that a number of them have copied. What it needs now is heavy pruning, an operation required from time to time by even the best grown and most well-established trees. Hard cutting-back and re-training is a process that does not kill; neither does it essentially alter the general effect; rather it gives new life and added sturdiness just where they are required. Our national character will have to change, our history and tradition die, and our way of living alter, before we accept from abroad ideas of self-government.

That the Parliamentary system is adapted to our national character is proved by the permanence which it has established for itself. No other form of government in any part of the world has continued for so long. Does this not point to the fact that what is needed is a revision of the existing system, which has proved to be obsolescent, rather than its abandonment in favour of a comparatively untried type, the working of which has still to gain a certificate of world-worthiness at the hands of the sanest thinkers of the day?

Another feature of our Parliamentary system is that it does, in fact, change within itself: and these changes continually take place. Some are deliberately made, like the Parliament Act. Others just happen, such as the abandonment of the actual reading of Bills by a Clerk in the House, a " call " of the House, refusal of the " Royal Assent," and the reading of " petitions."

The present partially inefficient state in which Parliament finds itself is the result of laggardly modification. It has not bothered to keep itself up to date, and has lost sight of the fact that this modernizing process has become increasingly important in the last few years, because of the enormously increased speed with which domestic and world-wide problems follow upon each other's heels. It

might be said that we are trying to compete in the World Tourist Trophy with an old car of which the basic design is sound enough, but in which the modifications called for by contemporary practice are absent. For instance, we need to replace certain parts hitherto made of steel or cast-iron with the lighter alloys recently discovered, and we must refit the supercharger that we removed from our engine at the end of the war and only asembled again for a short time for the "speed trial" promoted by the General Strike. In other words, we must rebuild an extremely good car instead of scrapping it in favour of an impressively fast but none too reliable foreign one.

Those who seek to defend Parliament as it works to-day, angrily demand upon what grounds reform is necessary and deny that the system shows signs of breaking down. They are best answered by a straightforward examination of what has actually taken place.

Formerly, the Parliamentary machine was a tripartite one composed of the Sovereign, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. To-day the functions of the Sovereign are in part those of ceremonial, although only the blindest, most unappreciative and ignorant revolutionary would deny the all-pervading presence of an example and a beneficial influence emanating from the Royal House of Windsor, the like of which exists nowhere else in the world. Of real power, however, the Sovereign has little apart from the great attention paid to him as a public spirited and honourable man with unexcelled knowledge of the manifold problems affecting the Empire, and unequalled faithfulness in the work of solving them. Likewise the House of Lords has become increasingly impotent; it merely lingers on, drifting slowly but surely to decay, being lacking now—as an Estate of theRealm — in the simple dignity and unblemished record which attracts to His Majesty the affection, trust and loyal adherence of his people. The House of Commons alone can exhibit a claim to effective working, but this has, for some time past, been outside the limits originally set to

its share in the government of the country. Consideration of this point at once reveals the undesirability of what amounts to a one-Chamber system, especially if that one Chamber is not 100 per cent. efficient: and no one in their senses can say that there is not room for great improvement in the working of our House of Commons. The whole balance of power between the Sovereign, the House of Lords and the House of Commons has slipped, or been forced, out of adjustment; and unfortunately the major part of it now rests with the last of these three—one that is at least not fully qualified to wield it.

A study of the major faults now exhibited by the House of Commons inevitably postulates the existence of a serious degree of inefficiency. The "Party" system as it operates in the House provides several good examples. How ridiculous it is, for instance, that a government must have a majority on every Division, however unimportant the question (like an amendment of a Bill in Committee) that causes the House to divide. Members should have greater freedom to vote in accordance with their opinions and the interests of those they represent, and not be morally compelled to vote as directed by the Party Whips. Surely a government returned to power by the lengthy and fairly accurate procedure of a General Election should go out only when defeated on a formal vote of no-Confidence, and not have to be always in a state of fear of the consequences of defeat on some triviality.

The present method of passing Legislation is another example of inefficient working. Restrictions on debates on Bills tend constantly to increase. This is due firstly to the quantity of legislation that modern conditions make it necessary to pass through the Parliamentary machine, and secondly to the complexity of such legislation. And these restrictions are not so framed as to give important provisions of Bills their rightful chance for discussion, as the recent proceedings on the Unemploy-

ment Bill showed conclusively. Then the Committee stage of every important Bill is taken in a Committee of the whole House. This, surely, is a proceeding with a ludicrous side to it, and one that does not seem to be generally realized. Where else in the world would a Committee of 615 persons be found except in the House of Commons! It would be much more sensible if all Bills were examined in Committees formed of a part of the House, freedom being given to all members of such part to vote as they pleased. Sittings of the whole House, for example, could take place on, say, three days a week, and should be plenary sessions; whilst the other days could be reserved for Committees.

Parliament has allowed itself to come down to the level of its Executive departments. I use the expression "come down" only as betokening the shedding of power, for everybody knows that the British Civil Service breeds a type of steady, thoughtful mind to which there is no question of the majority of politicians condescending, but rather the reverse—except for the fact that Civil Servants are for the most part too polite to give any impression of condescension. The fact remains, however, that Parliament should study to preserve its supreme legislative authority in spite of having to hand to the Executive the power to legislate in respect of the details of most Bills.

In these crowded days delegated legislation is inevitable. It is probable that Parliament will more and more confine itself in its legislative capacity to laying down the main principles to which it is required to give effect; leaving the Executive departments to put in details. True liberty for the subject demands, however, that Parliament should, despite this partial delegation of legislative power, retain supreme effective authority. This seems to call for the formation of a Committee composed of cautious and experienced members to supervise all Orders issued by Executive departments under the authority of various Acts of Parliament.

The relations existing between Parliament and its Executive constitute in themselves a question by no means easy to settle, and one which raises itself as prominently in connection with National Finance as with the general subject of delegated legislation. One cannot think it to be other than of the greatest importance that Parliament should have a real control over expenditure. This is a matter of principle, apart from whether the expenditure is high and the revenue to meet it difficult to get—a situation which, after all, only adds point to the underlying principle. Why are the Estimates never discussed in detail in the House of Commons? I suppose it is thought that the proceedings involved would be too lengthy: and there are genuine grounds for this assumption. But surely this is only another argument in favour of more and smaller Committees; a form of decentralization previously urged in this article, and one which seems, on the face of it, to be essential in the interests of true efficiency. At the present moment the Estimates become "approved expenditure" as long as the Executive departments satisfy the Treasury.

Parliament exercises no actual check on this expenditure, which may well be extravagant; or may, on the other hand, occasionally be framed with undue caution so that it has the immediate, or postponed, effect of spoiling some national ship for a ha'p'orth of tar. For instance, a not enormous increase in expenditure allocated to the police in 1930, and earmarked to provide for an adequate force of mobile police patrols, would by now have had the effect of saving thousands upon thousand of lives lost in road accidents. It would have secured to the nation not only the useful lives so lost, but a saving of general expenditure with regard to them—such as that absorbed by hospitals, doctors, coroners' courts, life assurance, etc., which together with the estimated loss, in terms of sterling, of the man-hours wasted, has enormously exceeded such an extra police Estimate—had it even been a very extravagant one.

The one Estimates Committee which exists is obviously insufficient properly to examine the Estimates submitted by every department: and the Public Accounts Committee only makes its examination after the money has been spent—quite apart, also, from the fact that one Committee cannot possibly tackle all expenditure with the degree of care and efficiency that is desirable. Consequently there is need of a Finance Committee for every main department (or, in the case of minor departments, for groups of them) before which a Minister and his officials should be required to justify the Estimates they have prepared. Only in some such way can Parliament maintain its supreme and proper control over expenditure by the Executive. At present it simply votes what the Executive demands.

Excellent though the personnel of the Executive can be claimed to be as a general rule, the question of Parliamentary control over its bureaux is a most serious and far-reaching one. It is not one where personalities are involved, for no one questions the intentions and ability of the Civil Service. It is a far graver question; one involving what may be termed a Constitutional "cancer." The proposals put forward by British Fascists, by Sir Stafford Cripps, and by others thinking along unconstitutional lines, all openly propose to reduce the vitality of Parliament—but this is already becoming dangerously reduced by reason of the gradual, malignant swelling of bureaucracy.

We are faced with the definite alternative of being governed by officials, or by those whom we send to represent us in Parliament. And although the officials may be talented and well-intentioned (whereas several Members of Parliament seem to possess neither of these qualifications) there is only one course to be adopted if our Constitution is to endure: we must continue to be governed by our own representatives, but take care that they are of the best.

The modern policy of all Parties—and it is a very

short-sighted policy!—is to promote legislation which interferes more and more with all of us in our daily lives. It is the inevitable result of delegated legislation insufficiently supervised, for it emanates from the Executive officials who are only nominally under the direction of a Minister responsible to Parliament. I say nominally, because the labyrinth of Orders and Regulations is now so extensive that Ministers tend to rely far too much upon their permanent officials to guide them through the maze. It is this malignant growth of dependency which is clogging the entrails of free government, so that our Parliament has indeed become a sick and weary cripple.

Few Members of Parliament are without a post-bag that is full of complaints and grievances against Executive action. The only chance of bringing these matters to the notice of Ministers is by way of Questions in the House, or by correspondence, or by personal intercession. The old constitutional principle of "redress of grievances before voting supplies" no longer has effective force. And now the House of Commons has less direct control over the actions of the Executive than has an urban district council over the actions of its officials. Gradually the constitutional principle that the Executive is responsible to Parliament has come to be observed increasingly faintly in spirit, and only intermittently in letter. This is obviously wrong. To put it right there is need of a Committee of Members of Parliament for every government department of any importance, with the Minister of the department in the Chair. The scope of these Committees should be such that they have power to examine the conduct and working of the various departments. And such is the degree of inter-checking necessitated by the bulk and importance of modern public affairs, that the dignity of Ministers should not be allowed to stand in the way of this reform. Impartial supervision of this kind is the only thing standing between us and an increasing government by the Executive; none the

less real for not being openly acknowledged; in which case, of course, Parliamentary government will become a farce.

These proposals have a direct and important bearing upon the question of the personnel now comprising the House of Commons (*this subject was dealt with by Lord Cottenham in his article in the July issue of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW); for they will directly associate Members of Parliament in general with the work of government, work which they are—or should be—returned to Parliament to carry out. Many Members complain that they have nothing useful to do when they get to Parliament; and this is particularly the grievance of those on the Government side of the House. They are not encouraged to speak. They have to remain about the precincts of the House to vote—but to vote only as they are instructed. Any independent action on their part is frowned upon by the Whips and may even lead—however sincere and public-spirited it may be—to subjection to a degrading impudence which the Party Chiefs seek to dignify by the term "disciplinary action." That such a term can even be suggested in the case of those who, whatever their faults, are supposed to be thought fit to represent thousands of their fellow subjects at the seat of Government, serves only to taint the whole atmosphere of Westminster with the flavour of long abandoned ideas of schoolmasterly origin; but one which conforms, alas, to the chronic state of mind apparently peculiar to several of the present Party leaders.

So the majority of Members of Parliament to-day are, in fact, automata, galvanized into voting only by the Whips, and into speaking only when it has been made clear to them what they are permitted to say. It is hardly surprising that this situation repulses rather than attracts the best minds and the most active brains. The possessors of either would for the most part, do anything rather than enter the House of Commons. And who shall blame them? That a few of the right type have entered Parliament, blinding themselves to the fact that they are

too few to exert their proper influence, is a fine tribute to the higher qualities in human nature. They are fighting, knowing that they cannot win. Outside observers watching their conflict with the forces of narrow-mindedness and expediency, might well echo the famous remark "It is magnificent, but it is not war." Seats in the House of Commons will only become attractive to greater numbers of the right people, and retain undiminished the enthusiasm of the comparatively small numbers of that type now sitting, if Members of Parliament are associated more closely with the actual work of governing. But the corner-stone of the rebuilt edifice of British Parliamentary Government is Reform of the House of Lords. There, as I made bold to point out in a previous article, already exists a substantial nucleus of the best minds and most upright characters in the country. That House should be the most admired and respected feature of our Parliamentary machine. Yet it cannot even become an effective part of the machine until its composition is radically changed. So long as we have an unreformed House of Lords enjoying only a shadow of power, we shall remain under the grave danger which is inherent in Single-Chamber government—and a single Chamber, which, in its present form, I feel to be far from efficient.

Parliamentary Reform along some such lines as those laid down in these two articles would seem to me to stand every chance of being more effective and more truly constitutional than any other. And what would be even more important to us as British people is the fact that we should have acted upon our traditional plan of reconstructing Parliament from within. There never has been, and I feel there never will be, need for us to go to any foreign country for ideas of governing ourselves. Such a proposal would of necessity be accompanied by the gravest risks, because our problems, traditions, customs and, above all, our national character, are peculiarly our own.

Madame de Katz

By E. H. Lacon Watson

SHE was at the Devereux Hotel when we arrived. I gathered she had not been there very long, but she had already acquired a certain standing. The management deferred to her wishes with a humility that seemed to us outsiders almost servile. Apparently it was her opinion that no new-comer should be considered properly established at the hotel until he, or she, had been subjected to her scrutiny and passed. If you had not been introduced by the second evening she would probably approach you noiselessly after dinner, and address you in very indifferent English.

"You play Oction?" she would say. "No? Yes? Zat is good. We want ze one to make four. You will com?"

And probably you went—unless you were a man of the strongest character. Even if you did not care greatly for mixed bridge, and preferred contract to auction, you had to stretch a point to oblige a lady. And Madame let you know pretty soon that it was something of an honour to play with her. She did not hesitate to inform her partner quite early that she stood in a class above the common run of players. She had belonged to famous clubs; she knew the Riviera like the back of her hand; she had travelled all over the world. And wherever she had travelled you may be sure she had played bridge.

There are some shrinking and apologetic females still to be found who are grateful for a few curt words of commendation if they escape making absolute fools of themselves over a declaration or the play of the hand. Madame de Katz was of a very different breed. When there was any *post mortem* work to be done she meant being one of the operators, whoever the rest might be.

She did not pay much attention to those of her own sex. As I have heard her say, with a playful grin, she "liked ze men so much better. One can say to zem what

one will. Zey do not mind. Or if zey do mind, zey are ashamed to say so." From which you may gather that Madame had a certain penetration.

For some of them did mind a good deal. Ralston, who had come down with me for the golf meeting, was one. He played bridge in a quiet and eminently sound fashion that had become almost a part of his constitution. There are some men who formulate a line of conduct for themselves (not necessarily in bridge alone) and hold to it as an anchor, whatever happens. They are comfortable men to play with, as a rule, though sometimes you may wish that they had a shade more enterprise. But what a relief they are after partnering a really wild caller!

Ralston is distinctly a steady fellow, not easily ruffled, but I could see after we had played a hand or two that his fur, so to speak, was beginning to show signs of friction in the wrong direction. He had cut Madame, against myself and a little clergyman who had also been roped in, rather against the grain. And his partner would not let him alone; she carried on a running comment all the time. It was enough to try the temper of a saint.

She was not a good caller, according to my ideas, or Ralston's. But she certainly did not err on the side of excessive caution. Generally she opened with one no-trump—if she held anything at all. Then, if the others passed and she went down a trick or two she invariably abused her partner for not having taken her out into something else.

"You say nossing," she complained. "When I declare no trump it is to show I have somsing. Zen you should say somsing yourself. So we give each ozzer information. No?"

She was curiously fond of ending her sentences with this negative interrogation.

Ralston cleared his throat, and spoke with that ultra-distinct voice he reserves for children and fools.

"I had no information to give that was worth giving,"

he enunciated coldly. "I imagine you do not want false information. The fact is, you called no trumps without holding anything like a no-trump hand."

He paused, awaiting the effect of his shot. She paid not the smallest attention to his well-merited rebuke.

"Oh, but you had somsing," she went on undisturbed. "Five clobs to ze king. No?"

"And not another possible trick in my hand. It would have been criminal to call on that."

She waved him aside, as it were.

"But you should 'ave. It is most important I know zhust what you have."

Ralston made an impatient movement in his chair, but said no more for the moment. I could see he was more than ordinarily annoyed, because he began to breathe heavily—a sure sign with him. I conjectured he was waiting for a chance to get some of his own back.

He did, in the next hand but one. And I must say he had just cause of annoyance with his partner that time. Ralston dealt and declared three spades. Madame de Katz overcalled him with three no trumps. The little clergyman passed. Ralston called four spades. I said nothing, and his partner again overcalled him with four no trumps. Ralston gave a slight shrug of the shoulders, and let it go. When his hand went down it appeared that he had nine spades to the ten, knave, king. I was sitting over him with the ace and queen, and he never made a spade at all. We put them five down.

When the hand was over Ralston leaned forward, and broke silence for the first time. He prefaced his remark with a short, mirthless laugh, as is his habit when seriously discomposed.

"It is difficult to see why you should have taken me out, twice, partner." He dropped his words like precious pearls. "We should have gone out in spades, easily."

Madame became voluble, gesticulating.

"You go t'ree spades to commence. I sink naturally

you 'ave ze ace, king. I 'ave ze ozzer t'ree aces, and two small cards in your suit. For me, it most be no trump."

She was still explaining when he cut her short.

"I could understand, perhaps, your overcalling me once. When I went back to four spades it showed clearly I was no use in your call. To take me out again was, if you will excuse my saying so, unpardonable."

"I 'ave played in all ze best clobs. You do not per'aps understand ze game quite yet."

This fairly roused Ralston, and he talked to her at some length, but without (so far as I could see) producing the smallest effect. Madame was secure in her own impenetrable armour. She was one of those players who firmly believe that to them, and to them alone, have been vouchsafed the inner secrets of the game.

When the rubber was over, and we had escaped to the smoking-room, my friend fairly let himself go. Never in his life had he encountered a more poisonous old woman. Something would have to be done about it. He had no intention of staying on at a hotel where they retained moth-eaten old hags for the express purpose of annoying harmless visitors.

"Nonsense," I said. "You should study character. I thought the old lady was quite amusing. And she took quite a fancy to you. She was asking me about your golf. I gathered she meant to buy you in the sweep for the Devereux Cup. She's a regular old sport."

Ralston gave a sardonic smile.

"I'm not sorry. She'll drop some money over that. Wragley's down here. If ever there was a sitter for the cup it's old Wragley. Fifteen handicap—and remember they give them the full difference for the Devereux. Brought in a new rule last year. That means I allow Wragley ten shots. I might give him five—with luck."

A brilliant idea struck me as he spoke. Colonel Wragley was one of our regular bridge players at the Palladium, in town. A not uncommon type of player. Many retired colonels follow his methods. He played the

cards fairly well, though not so well as he imagined, but the trouble was that he wanted to play them every time. As a caller he was the terror of the club.

"We must get Wragley in here to make up a four," I said.

"Great Heavens!" Ralston's voice registered real alarm. "He's worse than she is."

"Precisely. That's why I want to bring them together."

He meditated. A grin slowly spread over his face.

"By Jove, I believe you are right. It would be a pity if two such magnificent animals failed to meet. It's just conceivable it might do them both good."

I broke the news to Madame, after we had discovered Wragley on the links the next morning, and invited him to come in after dinner. She appeared to have difficulty with the name.

"R-r-ragley?" She rolled it on her tongue. "How you write it?"

I spelled it out for her on a sheet of paper. She examined my writing for some time, trying the name over with varieties in the pronunciation.

"He is fonny man?" she asked again. "A jokair? No?"

It was difficult to keep one's countenance at that. Wragley would have been pleased. He took himself very seriously.

"Not particularly, so far as I know," I replied, cautiously.

"He is per'aps old." Madame became lost in reflection. Possibly she was engaged in some abstruse calculation. But the processes of her mind were never easy to follow.

That evening, when Wragley turned up after dinner, I was a little surprised to see Madame de Katz wearing a huge pair of blue spectacles. Really, at first I scarcely recognized her. She was a fine figure of a woman, though a trifle on the stout side. Wragley was visibly impressed when we presented him. Indeed, her manner was almost royal.

"It is ze light," she explained, pointing to her spectacles. "I find it ver' trying. Shall we cot? So—it is ze Colonel and I. We sit zis way."

She took her usual chair, with her back to the window, and the game began.

I do not propose to describe the games that followed in any detail. They were chiefly remarkable, not from any peculiarities in the hands or from any great skill in the play, but for the extraordinary ascendancy that Madame established over her partner from the very first. He was never given the smallest chance at his favourite pursuit—holding an inquest when the hand was over. She stepped in every time before he could get off the mark, pointing out exactly where he had gone wrong and what he ought to have done instead. Ralston, who was partnering me, was delighted. We had never seen the Colonel handled like this, and it was distinctly amusing. It unsettled him, obviously—so much so that he actually revoked before the end of the second rubber.

Then there came, fortunately for him, an interruption.

It was the custom at Wigston, during the summer meeting, to hold a selling sweep for the principal event on the card, which, in this instance, was the Devereux Cup. The big lounge of the hotel was generally chosen for the auction, and we very soon became aware when it had started by the gusts of sound that came through to us.

"Let us go and watch it," I suggested.

"I 'ave bought five tickets," said Madame. Certainly she was a sport, for they were ten shillings apiece. But she never spared money if it was a question of a gamble.

We had hardly got into the big lounge, where Tommy Higgs, the local estate agent, was conducting the auction, when our friend Wragley's name came up.

"Number 83," said old Major Bazeley, who was drawing the numbers from a bag.

"Madame de Katz," at once replied Tommy, running his finger rapidly down the list of ticket-holders.

"Lucky old girl," muttered Ralston under his breath.

"She's drawn the favourite. With any luck Wragley's worth fifty pounds."

I must say Higgs let himself go, in the best auctioneer vein, for this ticket. It was the first really good thing that had come up, and he did not fail to point out that over a hundred and twenty tickets had been sold, which meant that the pool stood at over sixty pounds before starting. As every buyer had to pay the amount of his successful bid into the pool as well as to the drawer there was quite a likelihood of the first prize being worth a hundred or more by the time they had finished.

Wragley was clearly determined to buy himself in, if he could. I started the bidding off modestly at half a sovereign, and it soared up rapidly. I never remembered seeing a ticket rise so fast, even a favourite. And Wragley apparently had been spotted by a good many of the knowing ones.

Madame herself took the bidding up to five pounds. Then she dropped out. The bidding went on up to eight, to nine. Suddenly she nudged me in the side.

"He is married—zis colonel? No?"

I never met a lady who had such a talent for saying the totally unexpected thing.

"Certainly not," I replied, recovering myself with difficulty. "The most hardened bachelor I know."

She seemed to fall into profound thought.

"It is no matter," she said at length. "I will buy anozzer."

And the Colonel bought himself in, after a titanic struggle, for no less than twenty-six pounds, which must have been nearly a record price. As he had to pay twice over, once to Madame and once to the pool, he must have had some faith in his ability to play up to his handicap.

Ralston's number came on almost at the close, when things were going cheap. Madame de Katz made an opening bid of a pound for him, and no one else responding, secured him.

"You might have backed yourself a bit more than that," I protested afterwards.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Seeing that I meet old Wragley in the semi-final—if I ever get as far," he said, "I haven't much chance of a prize. Might have backed myself for second if he'd been in the other half of the draw."

"The old Katz didn't do so badly," I remarked, "She got a fair profit on her Wragley, and she picked you up pretty cheap. I say, she had the whip hand of the old man at bridge, eh?"

"Not half," said Ralston, with a reminiscent chuckle.

It was on the Friday afternoon following that the semi-finals for the cup were played off. In the first of these Ralston was meeting the Colonel. He had managed to get so far owing more to good luck than any particular brilliance of play; as a fact, he had been curiously uncertain in his putting during the whole week, and putting was usually his strong point. And now he was set to give Wragley a full ten strokes, which was a lot to a man who kept very straight and was decidedly good on the greens. I did my best to encourage the giver of odds. For one thing, I knew Wragley would be almost unbearable at the club if he won.

"You've got to pull this off," I told Ralston as he was practising shots on the ladies' links. "For all our sakes, Madame included. I believe she's backed you heavily to win, besides buying you in the sweep."

"If she has, she's a mug," said Ralston, rather gloomily. "If ever a man had a cinch at the points, it's Wragley."

And he missed a short practice chip over a pot bunker as he spoke.

II

I went back to the hotel for luncheon, for there was a good hour and a half before they started. Madame de Katz was beginning her meal when I entered the room. She graciously waved me to a seat at her table.

" You 'ave been seeing the gofe? " she asked. " Mistaire Ralston has won? No? "

I explained how the position of affairs stood. " He's playing off the semi-final this afternoon, with your friend Colonel Wragley. If he wins that, you'll make something for second prize, at all events."

She looked at me with the eyes of a sphinx.

" Ze Colonel will not beat him this afternoon," she said with finality.

I gave a little jerk of the shoulders. " I wish I could feel as sure as that," I said.

" I sink I come wiz you," said this remarkable woman, ignoring the fact that I had never asked her. But I admit that Madame de Katz was always surprising me. She surprised me again when she came down after luncheon prepared and adorned for the links. I had never seen her so elaborately attired before.

" You sink me old and ugly? " she said. " No? "

" Most emphatically no," I protested, with suitable indignation. And really she did not look at all bad that afternoon, though her dress could hardly be described as suitable for following a golf match. Her shoes, in particular, were ridiculous. I suggested something stouter, with lower heels, but she disregarded me altogether. Madame was like that: frequently she would simply pass a remark by as though it had not been made. This habit had rather a disconcerting effect on some, until they got accustomed to it.

We began our walk. I piloted her out towards the fifth tee, which was a good vantage point for seeing them both going out and coming home, for the eleventh tee is quite close at hand. We walked in silence for some time. Then Madame suddenly produced one of her unexpected remarks. What I chiefly liked about her was the unexpectedness of her conversation. There was never any telling what she might not say next, for she was one of those nobly self-centred individuals who pursue their own line of thought, brushing aside as negligible any

irrelevant matter contributed by their companion of the moment.

"I sink I marry ze colonel," she began with startling abruptness. "Or per'aps he pay me som' money. No?"

I admit I was taken aback. For the moment I failed to grasp her meaning with my usual quickness.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," I said. "I mean to say—naturally the Colonel would be delighted. But why should he pay?"

"You know ze Ingleesh law?" she said. "You are advocate?"

It is true I have been called to the bar, and I had very likely mentioned it to her. But my knowledge of the law is no greater than that of most of my fellows. I told her so.

"He has promised to marry," she went on calmly, "and zen he has run away."

"Oh! I see. Breach of Promise."

"I see him now ze first time for many year. I say to him, 'Come now, make as you have said.' If he re-fuse, zen I take him to ze jodge. No?"

"Well," I hedged, "there may be a few other points to be considered. How about M. de Katz, for example?"

She waved him aside. "He is not. He is—how you say—imaginaire."

We walked on. I had no more suggestions to make, though she had certainly given me plenty to think about. We were silent again till we turned the corner and came in sight of the fifth tee. The pair were driving off while we were still a hundred yards away. Madame was not a fast walker.

"We had better wait till they come back," I said. "We seem to be late."

"It is ver' rough," said Madame. "We will sit here."

I shepherded her carefully round the fourth green, for those high heels of hers were punching little holes in the turf all the way, and we sat comfortably on the bench

which a thoughtful green committee had placed by the side of the eleventh tee for the use of wearied spectators. I unslung my glasses and followed the crowd as they wound slowly along the fairway to the sixth hole.

Ralston had apparently been in trouble, but he sank a long putt on the green. The colonel took the honour.

"I think they halved that one," I said. "Would you care to have a look?"

Madame stood up, removed her blue spectacles carefully and laid them on the seat. She had really rather good eyes, of a remarkable colour—almost violet. I had never had the chance of noticing them before. She took my binoculars—evidently she was quite at home with such things—adjusted them and looked out over the links at the receding pair.

So far as I could make out, Ralston won the eighth, but the colonel recovered the honour again at the next hole. Madame handed me back the glasses without a word. I noticed old Henslow drifting towards us.

"How were they at the sixth?" I asked.

"Wragley's playing the game of his life," he said. "What were you fellows about at Westerfield to give him fifteen strokes? He was three up at the sixth."

Madame sat down heavily and jumped up with a sharp exclamation. Her spectacles were destroyed.

I sympathized. "Rotten luck! And I'm afraid Ralston has no chance worth mentioning. He must be at least four down now."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Zere are still eight holes," she remarked, with all a stoic's tranquillity.

The cavalcade of spectators was now sweeping on towards us across the Sahara of sand that lies in front of the tee-shot for the tenth hole. Both players just managed to make the carry. Ralston had the worst of the luck, for he lay in a deep hoof-mark. Someone had been galloping across the fairway. He tried gallantly to carry the bunker guarding the green and failed by inches.

Wragley misjudged his approach, but hopped safely on to the green, quite near the hole.

Ralston signalled to me as they came up to the eleventh tee, pointing an outstretched hand to the ground. I gathered he was five down.

"Five up," the colonel called out jovially, taking off his cap to Madame as he passed us. Obviously he was well pleased with himself and the world in general.

Madame de Katz looked up at him with a curious expression, but he was already busy teeing his ball. He drove quite a fair one, slightly cut, but safe enough. I suppose it was merely swank that made him pretend to be annoyed. Anyway, he stood there for a moment watching it, waggling his club as though it had played him false, and ejaculating his favourite imprecation.

Ever since I had known him the colonel had used this remarkable phrase of his when dissatisfied with his shot. There are some players—I am not blaming them—who follow his practice of substituting some meaningless form of words for the usual violent expletives of common men. They use all sorts of quaint formulas. And, in fact, anything will serve—so long as it is capable of being pronounced with satisfying severity.

"Sugar-and-salt," vociferated the colonel, still swaggering about the tee in pretended annoyance. And again, "Sugar-and-salt!"

Madame de Katz rose suddenly from her bench with a half-strangled cry, and staggered towards him.

"It is Henri," she cried. "My Henri! I have wandered all zis time." (Presumably she meant "wondered.") "It is me. Your Rénée!"

And she fell upon his neck, amid the discreet titters of the crowd.

They got the match going again after a time, but, unfortunately, I was unable to witness the finish. Somebody had to escort Madame home again, and no one else seemed inclined to relieve me of the task. But I could see pretty well what the effect of her intervention was

likely to be. The colonel topped his next shot into a bush, and I could see him still furiously whacking it as I escorted my companion back to the hotel. Ralston won his match at the last hole.

Personally, I did not see the colonel again at Wigston. I think he left the next day. But I have always suspected that there was some sort of interview between him and Madame before he went. The lady looked so extraordinarily sleek and contented, like a well-fed cat, as she sat waiting for us in her accustomed corner the following evening. We had to rope in the little clergyman again for a fourth.

"The colonel appears to have deserted us," I said.

Madame was wearing another pair of blue spectacles, which gave her always the air of a sphinx. She betrayed not the smallest interest. But when Ralston came in she congratulated him on his win. He had pulled off the Devereux Cup, after a tremendous struggle, at the thirty-eighth hole.

When I went down to Wigston last I noticed that Madame de Katz was living in a complete suite of rooms on the ground floor. Also I remarked that she was wearing some very expensive-looking furs. Wragley, I note, has taken to grousing horribly over the expense of modern golf, and is not seen now at Westerfield more than about once a week. I have not remarked openly on these matters, but I draw my own conclusions.

Road Traffic

By R. J. N. Willcox, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.N.A.

IT would be difficult to deny that the present state of affairs on the roads of Great Britain is quite as discreditable to the State as were the effects of Prohibition in the U.S.A.

It is all the more necessary that the problem should be examined with full understanding and an open mind and that the truth, however unpalatable, should be squarely faced.

Within the last five years 34,484 persons have been killed and 973,782 have been injured in accidents on the roads of Great Britain. And as the years pass the tendency is for the casualties to increase notwithstanding the great amount of attention directed to this. Unless a very drastic alteration in the conduct of road traffic is effected it would seem to be inevitable that the general public must be content to accept the annual slaughter of seven thousand and the maiming of two hundred thousand citizens annually as an essential feature of the functioning of traffic on the roads.

It is inconceivable that any sane and civilized nation would permit such a state of affairs in any circumstances if its citizens were aware of the facts; but in point of fact the horrible slaughter has been going on for more than a decade and has increased in intensity until it has attained the appalling totals set out in the subjoined table.

Year	Number killed	Number injured
1929	6,696	170,917
1930	7,305	177,895
1931	6,691	202,119
1932	6,667	206,450
1933	7,125	216,401
Totals	34,484	973,782

The writer has, with others, been impressed with the

increase of motor vehicles in the last decade and has observed that it has been accompanied by a rapid increase in motor accidents. But when an endeavour has been made to discuss this disquieting feature one found that it had little or no interest for motor drivers. It was said that accidents were inevitable, modern progress must not be retarded

Three years ago he set about to make a personal investigation into the true reason for the indifference and apathy of motorists and the general public. A great number of motor drivers and others were asked to say how many persons were killed and injured annually on the roads. They all knew that a lot of people were killed and injured, but the highest guess out of more than two hundred has been 1,200 killed and 9,000 injured. The usual guesses were 800 and 1,700 respectively. It would seem that there are definite limits to human imagination, as there are to that of birds. This being so, the reiteration of immense figures in carefully compiled statistics conveys no impression other than as being large numbers whose magnitude depends upon the imaginative capacity of the individual.

Vigorous objective comparisons are wanted such as will strike the imagination and so compel thoughtful consideration. For instance, in five years the number of injured is but little short of one-half (47 per cent.) of all our soldiers who were wounded in four and a quarter years of the bloodiest warfare in all history; the number killed exceeds ten times the heart-rending roll of our heroic Royal Air Force in the same period.

The number of injured would suffice to line the route from London to Bournemouth in ranks two deep on each side and to furnish driver and guard to every bier in a funereal procession which would occupy the whole route in double column. There would still remain two armies, each of twenty thousand, to take care of strategical points.

A modest estimate of the personal damage inflicted in the five years amounts to well over £50,000,000.

If statements like these were put upon the screens of cinemas at unexpected moments the prevalent ignorance would be enlightened and one very active cause of the pernicious conditions would be largely overcome.

The privation and sorrow, the broken lives and shattered homes resulting from the holocaust are just as real as at the time of the Nation's supreme trial. They are hidden and suffered in silence. But how long will that be so?

There are three features which appear to be predominant in the conduct of Motor Traffic, viz. :—a domineering indifference to the convenience of others, excessive speed and congestion.

Ever since man learned to mount and direct a machine more powerful than himself he has asserted his superiority of force over his neighbours. " Make way, or take the consequences " has been his instinctive cry, and he has gone on his way largely indifferent to their admiration, tolerance or resentment. Every motor driver, if he be honest with himself, must agree that when he drives he is imbued with that same primitive instinct to assert his superiority, to demand the right of way and freedom to progress as rapidly as possible. Personal experience proves that considerable effort and constant vigilance is required to keep this primitive instinct in subjection. But when the sense of superiority is overshadowed the driver proceeds with circumspection and regard to his own safety. A drove of cattle, a bunch of horses or a traction engine with timber waggons will make him as Agag before Samuel.

The design of many modern cars in which the driver is ensconced in a seat as low as possible and affording a sense of remoteness from possible contact, of great security and invulnerability, is a definite temptation to excessive speed. In this respect the motor industry has apparently disclaimed any responsibility for or duty to reduce accidents. On the other hand, in motor buses and many large vehicles, the position of the driver, right

forward alongside the engine, affords a clear view and induces a healthy regard for his own welfare. If it were possible to place the driver in a similar position in all motor vehicles it may well be believed that excessive speed and dangerous driving would automatically cease in a very short time.

There can be no doubt that inconsiderate and even dangerous driving is often due to the driver's instinctive knowledge that speed is too high to allow him to bring his machine under control in an emergency. But it is beyond dispute that law and the rules of decent sociability are consistently defied and disregarded by very many drivers. The exhortations of the Highway Code are known to very few, even police patrols do not always signal correctly. An A.A. man recently pulled up at a cross road where there have been several bad smashes and proceeded to polish up his warnings. There are two more prominent ones and " SLOW " is printed in huge letters on the road. While so engaged four cars passed at from thirty to twenty m.p.h. in one direction without warning or slowing. Two came from the opposite direction in the same manner and a big lorry hooted and crossed at much nearer twenty than sixteen m.p.h. The A.A. man obviously thought he was wasting energy. Two days later there was another bad smash.

As a further illustration of the insubordination of drivers it is interesting to cite the prohibited entry to a one way road. The surface is plastered with letters and arrows and the approach compels slow speed. Yet it has proved necessary to erect large and expensive sign boards at each side with warnings and red discs. (One almost doubts the intelligence of adults who require so much more care and instruction than a wayward child.) Last year no less than four thousand drivers were punished or warned for exceeding the 20 m.p.h. limit in the London parks where many have been killed and injured in spite of special measures taken to protect children from the inconsiderate motor driver.

The majority of motor drivers have, for practical purposes, only a hazy knowledge of the mechanism of their machine and of its limitations, And yet, if perfect control is to be assured, the sole condition in which a car is fit to be driven at anything approaching thirty m.p.h. is perfect adjustment and condition. Even so, the machine is then potentially as dangerous as a loaded gun and must be handled with equal wisdom and vigilance. A moment's inattention may be fraught with dire result, as exemplified by a recent letter to *The Times* from a driver who, at the time of writing, lay seriously injured with his wife in the same state. The driver dropped asleep or was temporarily overcome and the car instantly crashed head first into a telegraph post. Although the speed was only about thirty m.p.h., the enormous force concentrated in an ordinary saloon car moving at so moderate a speed was more than sufficient to break a main road telegraph post and partially destroy the car.

We have here a very complete illustration of the imperative need of constant vigilance and of the enormous force which a momentary failure lets loose to destroy whatever opposes.

Four-wheel brakes are a snare and delusion if incorrectly or unevenly adjusted or in poor condition. Innumerable reports of inquests and law cases show how frequently the vehicle has swerved, skidded or failed to stop in anything like the distance its makers suggest is possible when expertly controlled and in perfect condition.

The adhesion of the wheel to the road is dependent on the weight and speed of the car; at high speed it is very much less than that at slow speed, and a light car has much less grip in proportion to its weight than a heavy vehicle. These features are very important and are determining factors in the ability to stop quickly. For these reasons light cars are more difficult to control and more dangerous at high speeds than heavy vehicles.

Time and distance available are also tremendously

important. It takes four seconds (while one counts six) to stop in as many yards as the speed is m.p.h. This supposes that the brakes, tyres, road surface and the agility of mind and body of the driver permit it. A police test of a good car which had been involved in a fatal accident showed that when travelling at 30 m.p.h. it required much more than 30 yards when the driver was prepared and used both hand and foot brakes which were in good order.

At 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60 m.p.h. the retarding force must be equal to 22, 33, 44, 55 and 67 per cent., respectively, of the weight of the car. It is extremely doubtful if the grip of the road is sufficient to give it in the very best circumstances at 40 m.p.h. Above that speed it is certainly not, and the car cannot be stopped in the distance, nor in four seconds.

If a car draws out at 50 m.p.h. to overtake a coach at 40 m.p.h. the road must be clear for one-third of a mile. If, on the contrary, another car is approaching at 60 m.p.h. from that distance, they will all meet within eleven seconds. It is, of course, not possible to estimate the speed of a car a third of a mile away even if the view permitted it to be seen at all. And yet this impatient scurrying to get in front despite strictly comparable risk is to be seen on any main road at holiday time.

In face of these facts it cannot be denied that every motor vehicle is a dangerous implement when controlled by the most expert, and that it requires incessant vigilance and care in any circumstances, especially at speeds above 30 m.p.h.

Intense congestion on the roads, especially in the large towns and on the main roads during holidays, has greatly increased the risks for all users of the roads. In France there are 3·9 motors per mile of road, in Germany 6·3, in the U.S.A. 8·8, and in England no less than 13. And as the bulk of traffic is concentrated about the large towns the density there is still greater. At week-ends many of the trunk roads are so overcrowded that they afford

nothing more than an inefficient means for transport from place to place.

Several years' experience of driving about the most congested parts of London has shown that the safest for the motor driver are the most congested ones, always provided that he strictly obeys rule and does as he would be done by. The dangers develop and increase when the traffic begins to loosen and opportunities occur for spurting ahead in open patches and for overtaking and cutting in by faster vehicles where there are three or four lines of traffic. The huge L.C.C. trams habitually travel at 25 m.p.h. through the busy streets of the inner suburbs, and have been seen to run for long distances at 30 m.p.h. in the early morning. The motor buses are now permitted to do likewise, and it is hardly surprising that cars and vans do 30 to 40 m.p.h. along these busy main arteries. They frequently exceed those speeds when they see the road clear for a little distance. Along the very congested dock routes the speed is about 20 to 25 m.p.h.

As accidents happen most frequently where the traffic is loose, irregular and swift and pedestrians are numerous, the writer has been at pains to ascertain whether speeds so high as 30 m.p.h. through busy streets of large towns are really effective in saving time, and is convinced that they are not, in the London area, at any rate. Time and again he has driven from the outer suburbs right into the dense areas, such as Victoria Station, and plodding along at 20 m.p.h., with occasional flicks to 25 when passing slow traffic, he has followed some fast car and has not lost touch until the north side of Vauxhall Bridge. At the frequent traffic jambs the fast car would be picked up and, indeed, sometimes overtaken.

So, an increase of 50 per cent. in speed has no worthwhile saving in time over so long a distance. But it has a most pernicious effect upon the traffic because it results in irregular flow and actually increases congestion

where traffic is stopped to permit flow in transverse directions.

The automatic traffic signals which are operated by the vehicle are very effective in reducing driving speed. Their influence tends toward a regular flow of traffic and diminishes the need to scurry as quickly as possible along a fairly clear path up to the next hold up. Following out this principle it seems pretty clear that if the maximum speed of every kind of vehicle were definitely limited to a reasonably safe speed the traffic would flow more regularly, little time would be lost, congestion would be much improved, and the roads made safer for everybody.

The intensity of congestion cannot be gauged solely by the number of vehicles per mile. Huge machines add intensely to the conditions connoting congestion; the great length of many six-wheelers is always obstructive in dense traffic, and when they are surmounted by a van body as big as a haystack, as many are, their enormous bulk is a callous obstruction of others. No roads will ever be suitable for such vehicles, which are, in fact, irresponsible exploitations, *ad absurdum*, of the legal possibilities.

In the old turnpike days there was much indignant complaint about the congestion and danger arising from the increasing size of vehicles and from the excessive speed and intolerant behaviour of the drivers of others. Matters were approaching a crisis demanding regulation by Government when the advent of the railways solved the difficulties. The heavy traffic left the roads for the speedier and cheaper railways and the speed hogs were beaten. The roads became deserted and the prosperity of vested interests connected with the roads vanished like melting snow.

In recent years these processes have been reversed, and the old evil conditions have been restored and greatly intensified. Huge vested interests have been permitted to grow up and to exploit their opportunities for profit

and pleasure without regard to the injury they have inflicted on the nation. At the same time the railways have come to the verge of insolvency, although they are still well able and equipped for handling so large a proportion of both heavy and fast traffic as would go far toward a solution of congestion on the roads if it were returned to them.

When one comes to consider the pedestrian it is well to remember that from time immemorial he has been required to make way for the mounted man and has consented to do so with good or ill grace for his own safety. This is in marked contrast with the customs of seafarers who, perhaps, because of their continual conflict with the elemental forces of Nature, are undoubtedly more broadminded and tolerant to the weak than are landsmen. On a Friday afternoon at tide time, one of the most fascinating scenes in all the wide world is the dense traffic on the Thames in the winding Greenwich and Blackwall Reaches. To the uninitiated there may appear to be a hopeless muddle of row boats, driving and drifting barges, sailing barges, towed barges, tugs, launches, fast motor launches and several large and small steamers. They are all intent on serving time and tide who wait for no man. In almost complete silence, broken by a hoot or two from a tug or a bellow from a steamer to say what she is about to do (not, mark you, what others must do), the traffic winds out from the tangled and congested skein. The miracle, for such it seems, is effected by a universal acceptance of the rule that the strong gives way to the weak, the swift to the slow.

The rule of the road, as practised, is precisely to the contrary. The pedestrian must avoid all vehicles if he can possibly do so. But he has unfortunate limitations to his capacity to conform to rule and suffers in consequence. One half of the victims of road accidents are pedestrians. His speed is but a fraction of that of the vehicles and Nature has strictly and definitely limited his range of clear observation and his ability to estimate the

speed of approaching vehicles, and has handicapped him with a time lag between perception and action.

In a busy road, 10 to 11 yards wide, an alert adult does not observe traffic approaching on the near side beyond 60 to 70 yards distant. One hundred yards is much too far off but is about the distance at which traffic on the far side is noticed. Having observed a car approaching from 60 yards, he starts to cross at three m.p.h. and when he has reached the middle of the road the car, coming along at 30 m.p.h., will swish by his coat tails. He will be lucky to reach the opposite curb before the other, coming from 100 yards away, is upon him. This road will have two sets of tram lines which may be occupied by tram cars or motors. The crossing is obviously an undertaking requiring no small measure of judgment and quick decision. But if he underestimates the speed of the fast-moving vehicles whose end view and smooth motion make it extremely difficult, he may meet with disaster and be blamed for incautious jay walking.

Elderly folk more often than not step off the curb and then endeavour to select an opportunity for crossing. Having started, they are prone to take alarm and to falter and then to make a run ahead or to retrace their steps. This infirmity of purpose appears to be inseparable from old age and is to be observed in persons of middle age who are normally alert but have had their wits dulled by illness.

In the case of children who have obviously been trained to be careful, their range of observation along the near side appears to be only 30 to 40 yards. They concentrate their attention on the far side, so very far away, and when they see a clear opening they are apt to dart off with only a brief and sharp glance along the near side. If alarmed by an unexpected vehicle they may flee in either direction. Moreover, their attention is very easily distracted from the immediate purpose.

The National Safety First Association, reviewing the accidents in the first six months of 1932, stated that no

less than eighty per cent. of the pedestrians killed were either under ten years or over fifty years. The behaviour of children and elderly folk was carefully watched for many months before this information was available. It is suggested that it goes far towards explaining the reasons for the preponderance of accidents to them. The relative immunity of those above ten and under fifty years shows that experience, education and acquired habit are the most effective protection, but it is well known that protective faculties instinctive to wild creatures are not developed fully in the earliest stages of life and are apt to be lost in old age. Moreover, when they are inherited there is good reason to believe that it has come about by processes which require countless generations to mature. There is, therefore, no sound reason to expect that new generations of human animals can possibly inherit protective instincts in infancy, or that mature people will preserve their acquired abilities when old age comes. If infants and old folk are not to be precluded the use of the highways it follows that some means of protection must be afforded which is at present deplorably and conspicuously absent.

The angle of vision, not sight, limits the distance at which the approaching vehicle is casually observed and it is practically impossible to differentiate speeds above about 25 to 30 m.p.h. and to react before the machine is upon one. This is, of course, quite a different problem to estimating the speed of a passing vehicle.

Incidentally, it is important to note that unless a motor driver is keenly alert his range of observation is also restricted by the angle of vision and he does not see as far ahead as he would and should do if he were constantly adjusting his vision.

When the pedestrian's difficulties are enhanced by other vehicles travelling in both directions none but the very alert and experienced are able to meet the situation, they must keep away or risk their lives.

Summarizing the conclusions which, it is suggested,

are amply justified by the facts set out in the foregoing, they are :—

(*a*) Insubordination to law and disregard of the rules of good conduct are rampant on the part of very many drivers who are also almost culpably ignorant of the consequences of their unsociable habits.

(*b*) Because it has proved to be impossible to make and enforce effective regulations for controlling drivers of motor vehicles, their machines should be automatically prevented exceeding predetermined speeds.

(*c*) Every motor vehicle is potentially a dangerous implement when in good condition and controlled by a wise, vigilant and expert driver, especially so at thirty or more m.p.h.

(*d*) The majority of drivers are not competent to judge or test the condition of their machine so as to ensure good condition; and very many are not wise, vigilant or expert.

(*e*) Excessive speed increases the intensity of congestion at points in crowded thoroughfares, but moderate and controlled speed makes for a regular flow of traffic and actually saves time.

(*f*) The present driving speed in towns and through villages is so high that human beings are incapable of adapting themselves to it, especially so in the case of the very young and elderly persons.

(*g*) The present driving speed outside of suburban districts is frequently and quite unnecessarily high; to such degree that the vehicles are definitely out of immediate control and their destructive powers are immense.

(*h*) Rigorous regulation is applied to the use of every other kind of machinery on the roads, on railways, in mines, factories and aboard ship, although they are in charge of experts and the number of accidents caused by them is but a small fraction of those caused by motor vehicles.

(*i*) Brilliant lights of high power are dangerous and would be unnecessary if the speed were reduced.

(*j*) Many goods vehicles are of excessive dimensions and add very much to the intensity of congestion.

(*k*) Pedestrians are fairly well able to judge speed up to 20 m.p.h. and to act with sufficient celerity and circumspection, and motor cars are under easy control. But the destructive power of a vehicle is increased 150 per cent. when speed is increased to 30 m.p.h.; and at 40 m.p.h. the increase is no less than 300 per cent. Effective control is increased in difficulty in similar ratio and the pedestrian's ability to cope with speed diminishes likewise. It is to be feared that the proposed limit of 30 m.p.h. in built up areas will prove to be too high.

In conclusion, it must be made clear that it would be misleading and mischievous to attribute all blame for the present state of road traffic with all its ghastly horrors, to those who drive and use motor vehicles. But it is beyond dispute that they have a very large portion to their discredit. This small minority appear to have exploited for their pleasure or profit the generous tolerance of others in a very irresponsible, callous and appallingly cruel manner. Their fault is grievous and they can have no ground for complaint if they are to be put under restraint. Ignorance and thoughtlessness are but small palliation. Obedience is the only reparation they can make; it is very long overdue.

Tonton Remembers

By Elswyth Thane

HE was an old dog now, and fat, and very short of wind. In his young days he had been much in society, and Madame was always careful of his diet and his figure and his manners. "Tonton, you are not to beg for sweets," she would tell him firmly, as people began to arrive for her famous Sunday night suppers. And he, drooling with desire at the end of the sofa, kept his forepaws down, and took only what came his way unsolicited—a fine point in compromise which was never rebuked by Madame, for she was blind.

Everybody in Paris came to those suppers given by Madame in her suite in a corner of the convent of St. Joseph. Everyone, that is, who was not at Madame Geoffrin's. Tonton knew that his responsibilities were very grave, and barked a great deal in a terrific falsetto, showing his small sharp teeth. His temper was never friendly, and besides it was obviously his duty to defend Madame because she could not see. Only after much sly coaxing that he condescended to accept caresses from the small waxen fingers of the Duchesse de Choiseul. And when Voltaire, so old, came back to Paris from twenty-eight years of disputatious exile, Tonton barked at him too, as though Voltaire was any mere Encyclopædist like d'Alembert or Montesquieu. *That* was a thing, for a little dog—to have barked at Voltaire! As for Hénault, who had lived with Madame in their young days and was still welcome at her supper parties now, when one of them was deaf and one was blind—Tonton had no use for Hénault, any more than for the others. Tonton knew them all, the great ones, and defended Madame from them all. He had only just missed knowing—and disliking—Julie de Lespinasse.

Then one day came the English Monsieur, walking like a gouty bird, talking odd French in a voice which Tonton somehow considered the most enchanting he had ever heard. He cocked his ears to it, and sat down

on the edge of Madame's skirt to listen, without making the usual menacing sounds in his throat. "*Enfin!*" cried Madame, sensing his fascinated friendliness through his silence. "Even the dog, Monsieur!" The Englishman bent and scratched Tonton's ear in exactly the right place. "Comment ça va, camarade?" he said. Tonton smiled.

That was a long time ago.

The English Monsieur had gone home again, and they had missed him desolately. They wrote to him, of course. Even before he was out of France, Madame's first letter, dictated to the secretary Wiart, was speeding after him; and his, written at the first stop came flying back, to be read aloud to them by Wiart.

And so it went on, with never a week that letters did not arrive and depart, through faithful Wiart's discreet hands. Wiart had to know everything, because Madame could not see to read or write; he would sit, as silent as Tonton who dozed on the sofa, the pen whispering across the pages in obedience to the quiet voice of Madame while she spoke aloud the most secret places of her heart, in order that the Englishman might be entertained, rebuked, adored, and argued with. It was the quintessence of that eighteenth century French invention, *l'amitie amoureuse*. Madame, at nearly seventy, laid bare on paper her tragic, witty, bitter, febrile soul in this belated passion of devotion to a man, not French, who was after all just turning fifty, and who found such a headlong lack of restraint in letters addressed to him an embarrassment. He had a horror—with reason—of their being opened in the post and read. In his replies he would alternately beg her and command her to use more discretion. He never forgot, either, as she could, that it was Wiart's hand, not hers, which set it all down; though sometimes in those long dreadful nights of hers when she could not sleep, she would sit up wrapped in a warm bed gown and (without lighting a candle) would trace very slowly and carefully, with the forefinger of her left hand

as a marker, a page or two which would go direct from her to him. The handwriting was large and round like a child's—and the lines sloped only a little, and all things considered it was very legible indeed, and the more pitiful. But there was no way for those labouring, sensitive fingers to spell out his replies, even then. He was always cruelly conscious of that extra pair of eyes between them, and often he seemed to write as much for Wiart as for her.

His English imagination boggled at the amazing situation in which he found himself, and in which she seemed so much at home. "Am I to be made the hero of an epistolary romance?" he demanded of her in consternation. "Talk to me like a reasonable woman . . . ." And she would answer that his pen was "iron dipped in poison" and plunge again into her gay, irresponsible phrases of devotion, her extravagant entreaties for his return to Paris, her stinging denunciations of his native, national coldness.

After a lifetime of disillusionment—and she was born a doubter—after a brief, unfortunate marriage and a still briefer, unfortunate *liaison* with the Regent Orléans—after periodic retirements into the country and recurrent emergencies into the world of supper parties and acrimonious debate which she could not exist without—after a more or less amiable *ménage à deux* with a more or less amiable man—after enduring the desertion of some of her dearest friends to the salon of a younger woman, one whom she had befriended, too—after going blind—after dying, as it were—Madame loved. This was a man who was worth them all to her—yes, worth the Regent and Hénault and d'Alembert and even Voltaire too—ah, yes, she would give the lot of them, gladly, for just one hour now with this Englishman she could not see and who spoke French (he said it himself) worse than any idiot. They told her he had the most beautiful eyes in the world. Her fingers knew, for he had knelt beside her chair, that his face was long and thin, high-nosed, firm-lipped, with

small, good bones. He was moderately tall, and very slender. His voice caressed, and excited, and exasperated her acute ears, fumbling at its French, bringing out the most extraordinary words for her delectation, making the broadest jokes. His laughter was hard and sharp, as though from lack of use. And yet they laughed often enough together—the complicated, pungent laughter of two wicked, witty souls who had seen life and found it childish and a bore—his *feu moqueur*, she said. He had no fine French words for her. He called her simply his *petite*, and with that she was as complaisant as a child.

For years it went on. Several times during those years he came back to Paris, each time to find her as indestructibly young, as quick of tongue, and as fond as ever. Once she hurried to him the instant he arrived, on a hot August day; he was dusty, hungry, and out of humour—and she sat in the same room while he stripped and changed, because, as she pointed out, since she could not see, there was no harm in his being stark. Each time in the book-littered, gold moiré room with flame-coloured ribbons which had so long enshrined her blindness in the convent of St. Joseph, he thawed in the tropic heat of her undisguised passion for him. They went to the *opera comique* and to puppet-shows together —puppet-shows, and she blind for nearly fifteen years! They drove about the Quais and the Boulevard till two o'clock in the morning—she never slept. He needed, he said, the activity of a squirrel and the strength of a Hercules to keep up with her. They went to balls and suppers in the country, or they sat still by the fire and talked all night. They existed in a sort of greedy contentment in each other's society.

But each time when he escaped back to his own bachelor house in England, exhausted, and breathing sighs of relief, he suffered a sea change to sanity and caution. "*Je suis refroidi*," he would write her, and she—"it would be kinder to kill me than for you to use those words. I should much prefer you to tell me that

you hate me, for no one in the world fears the cold as I do."

Her weekly letters exploded like exotically perfumed bombs in the quiet air of his exquisitely wrought country house, with its miniature Gothic airs and graces. They startled and upset him. They were not *de régle*. If anyone else should read them they would make him look ridiculous. He would write and remind her of this savagely: "Really, if friendship is to have all the troubles of love, I see no reason for engaging in it . . . Yes, m'amie. If you wish our relation to continue, conduct it on a less tragic note."

She would apologize and be more circumspect for a while, until rumours of an illness of his—he was always having gout—would pitch her headlong into panic and she would boil over again, enraging him. Alternately, she would grovel, and rail, and stroke him again . . .

> ". . . If you are ill and I have no news of you I shall not be able to bear it . . . My one fear is that I shall die before I can see you again . . ."
>
> ". . . If you were a Frenchman, I would hesitate to call you a great coxcomb. You are English, and therefore only a great fool. What can you be thinking of, I ask you, when you say that I have given myself to 'indiscretions and romantic extravagances'? This makes me perfectly furious, and I would willingly tear out the eyes which they tell me are so beautiful . . . I seek in vain for insults to hurl at you . . . Come back, only come back to Paris, and you will see how I will behave! I admit I am very impatient for you to see the results of your lessons, and the effect of my indignation. Since your departure everything is more stupid than ever and I fall into an insupportable ennui . . ."
>
> ". . . I wish never to do anything without your approval. I wish always to be your 'chere petite" and to be led like a child. I forget that I

have lived; I am only thirteen. If you do not change, and if you come again to me my life will have been a happy one. You will wipe out the past and I will date only from the moment when I met you . . . Don't tell me that I have a romance in my head—I am a million miles away from it. I detest it and everything which resembles love is odious to me. I am almost glad to be old and hideous—not to mistake any professions of feeling for me; and happy to be blind, to be very sure that I am incapable of anything but the purest and most sacred friendship. But friendship I do love to distraction. My heart was made only for it . . ."

" . . . As for me, I wish I could send you my soul instead of a letter, and I would willingly give up years of my life to be sure of being alive when you come back to Paris . . ."

" . . . You have brought me to the point you desired, you have not diminished by esteem nor even my attachment, but you have calmed its enthusiasm and perhaps taken away its sweetness . . . You are like the Grand Turk in one of our operas, who says to his Sultana when he leaves her for another :—

'Dissimulez vos peines
Et respectez nes plaisirs.' "

" . . . My friend—my only friend! In God's name, let us make peace! I would rather think you mad than unjust, but be neither one nor the other. Give me back your friendship. If I have been in the wrong I would confess it and you would forgive me, but truly I am not to blame. I never speak of you. Your English friends who esteem me think to please me when they speak to you of my regard for you, while those who love you not seek to annoy you if they perceive the subject is unwelcome. I hope, my friend, that after this

explanation we will no longer disturb ourselves . . ."

". . . I am as happy to have your letter as a man condemned to be hanged is for his reprieve, but the rope has hurt my throat, and if I had not been promptly rescued there would have been an end of me. Let us forget the past! I would rather be thought in the wrong than to risk another quarrel. I am at peace with the world . . ."

For years it went on like that. And then one autumn she began to droop. It was five years since she had seen him—she always called it seeing. She had no hope of ever hearing him speak again. He was getting old himself, and his gout was bad, though his letters had turned much kinder lately. She was, in spite of herself, eighty. And so, very quietly, without making anyone any trouble, she died.

It was Wiart who wrote that last sad letter to England—the letter which she was not there to dictate. It was Wiart who bundled Tonton into his basket and carried him across Paris to the nephew of Monsieur, who was soon to return to London. Tonton thought it a long and very nasty journey, and he snapped and wailed the whole way, because his world had gone all wrong and he did not understand, and he was no longer adventurous and hated being uncomfortable. Imagine his surprise when at least he was released from the basket ready to bite people, and a half forgotten voice greeted him: *"Aha! Comment ça va, camarade?"*

It became necessary then to assert oneself with the bigger dogs about the place, and settle down to defending Monsieur. Time slipped by . . . He was an old dog now, and fat, and very short of wind.

Every morning about nine o'clock there was an excited yapping on the stairs. It progressed slowly, intermittently, through the house; down the Long Gallery, through the Star Chamber, and into the breakfast room, where there was a great bow window looking

eastward toward the Thames through old lime trees. The walls were hung with blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and the many plump chairs and luxurious settees were covered with linen of the same pattern, and the sun made a warm patch on the carpet for Tonton. The presiding portrait was of Madame, in her sitting-room at the convent of St. Joseph, with the lovely Duchesse de Choiseul beside her. It made one feel at home, said Monsieur.

So they would arrive at each new day, Tonton's fat waddle preceding the dainty, gouty gait of the ageing man with the brilliant eyes, who made cheerful matutinal conversation regarding the weather, and the sort of night they had had, and to-day's affairs, and possible visitors—in a voice of singular beauty and rather rusty French. The tea-kettle, with its stand and heater, appeared noiselessly before them, accompanied by the lovely rare white Japanese porcelain embossed with leaves. Monsieur always made his own tea, of a morning, with the loaf and plenty of butter on the table before him; and on the sideboard was waiting the large basin in which it was Monsieur's custom to mix with his own hands the bread and milk they always threw out the window to the squirrels, at the end of the meal . . .

Thus Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand's little dog would breakfast together at Strawberry Hill.

Farmsteads and Inn Names of Picardy and Artois

By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O.

DURING that period of anti-climax which succeeded the joyfulness and relief of the Armistice, certain units of the great armies which had been " in at the finish" in France moved on up to the Rhine (following, at a distance of 20 miles, the retreating German forces), while others were withdrawn to the old " back areas " of the northern portion of the front—areas which, except during the first sweep of Germanic invasion, in the momentous days of 1914, had always been behind the fighting.

Practically, though often scarred with trenches and encumbered with rusty wire, these areas had escaped destruction, and formed no portion of the " Devastated Area." In one of them, round about Beauquesne, which is a little agricultural township a few miles to the north of Amiens, the present writer was quartered during the winter of 1918–19.

The anti-climax above referred to had several contributory causes besides the change from intense exertion to inaction. Men unused to the term " armistice " could not be got to understand wherein it differed from the longed-for peace. They were impatient at the slowness of demobilization, and they resented being kept abroad and under discipline now that the first real Christmas was approaching. But, most of all, the terrible influenza epidemic, which was taking such a toll of men who had managed to survive the perils of active service, made their minds gloomy and pessimistic.

For the officers, struggling with demobilization matters, and at their wits' ends to keep their men contented, things were not much better; and they had often to bear, besides, the additional burden of uncongenial work, undertaken in defiance of the sickness.

But there were two advantages over the rank and file which, without going on any leave, the officers could enjoy. The first was that they could find a bit of partridge shooting on those chalky Picardy uplands; and the second that, being in possession of, or able to borrow, horses, they could get about the countryside.

It was cold work, though pleasant, those December days, on a quickly-finished afternoon, scrambling amid old practice trench systems, and on windy stubble along the ridges, to get a brace of wild and strong-flying birds. Difficult, too—especially if one were alone—for the scattered coveys would, as a rule, get up a long way out of range, and fly a couple of furlongs before pitching. With a companion gun, however, things were easier; for while one gun drove the other could crouch hidden in a trench, and the sport became more than ever a combination of skill and patience. Or sometimes a villager, or a demobilized hand from one of the infrequent farmsteads, would come to do the beating. Dour Picard peasants, rough of manner and independent in their outlook, they were friendly when you got to know them. You discovered, indeed, before you had passed many days in close touch with the inhabitants of all that district, the aptness of their favourite saying :—

" Picard, ta maison brûle ! "
" Ca m'est égal, j'ai la clef en poche ! "

By a humane provision in the French game-laws (which we in Britain do not share) shooting has to cease while snow lies on the ground. Snow fell heavily about Christmas time that year, and often the shortened days would end betimes in a dreary yellow fog, making that austere landscape appear unutterably sad. Fantastically, too, one sometimes would catch sight, out in the gathering gloom, of roving bands of Chinamen, escaped from the Boulogne labour-camps, wandering about, a tattered and forlorn banditti. They had learnt, somehow, to " assemble " the component parts of scrapped machine-

guns, left lying in the deserted dumps; and with these they fired at crows, at posts—at anything!

But when, at last, the snow was off the ground and the shooting-season over—it ends a month earlier in France than it does with us—the chargers were led out. One could ride again into the awakening countryside, seeking it, in the most congenial of all ways of doing so—on the back of a good horse!

Memories of those rides blend easily, at this distance of time, with those of other rides, in other parts of Picardy and Artois, taken during periods of rest, or from "*demi-repos*" billets, in the war years. How one welcomed, then, anything which brought relief from drudgery, with what alacrity recorded on the tablets of one's memory each glimpse of the picturesque!

The farmsteads of a country are part of its very soul; and in Northern France they were perpetually a joy to study. They were so quiet, so old, so noble! "*Ils s'échellonent à de longues distances*," wrote someone of them, aptly, in a contemporary issue of "*La Croix*." And that was how we found them—that autumn of '15—when the regiment held the sector of Armentières; they were scattered over a land, at spacious intervals, which was one golden, unreaped harvest.

There was music in their names. Within the compass of an afternoon's ride from Armentières, for instance, one could pass La Rolanderie, which echoed the days of chivalry—l'Armée, telling of past campaigns—Ferme de la Grande Cour, a sonorous title, indeed. Fin de la Guerre was a very ancient farm, Froid Nid stood high and gaunt in the middle of a windy plain—and there was La Fleur d'Ecosse. One lovely farmstead bore the name of the Redeemer, and another one was called, as simply, Paradis. Great elms, in serried ranks, surrounded many of these places, and stood mirrored in stagnant moats. Over the arched stone entrances, or patterned on the roofs by variegated tiles, were seventeenth-century dates, those of the years 1669 and 1684

preponderating. One mused how soldiers of "*Le Roi Soleil*," of Marlborough and Napoleon, must often have rested here; and of how these farmsteads had seen them come and go, while they themselves grew into the unchanging landscape—until modern weapons buried all in ruin!

Quite as interesting, in their own way, as the farmsteads, though without the same suggestion of romance, were the inns; and a very incomplete list of their names, in an almost illegible notebook of the time, lies open before me now. Its entries have been supplemented by extracts from the diary of a friend, kept in like circumstances of warfare and war's aftermath.

The manner in which inn names vary, from one country to another, would form an interesting study. Here in England the historical is much in favour, as are the semi-heraldic and the quaint. Scotland seems to lean towards the national and legendary. Welsh inn names also favour the patriotic, or are prompted by local landmarks. In Ireland, while the country hotels will often be found to bear the name of some once influential Norman family, the little village dram-shops are only "Michael Keogh's," or "Kinsella's," or "Murphy's." German names are often colourful and poetic. But—for picturesqueness and a certain indefinable pastoral charm—give me the inn names to be found in France!

If the going back were not so certain to be painful, what a pleasant pursuit would be the re-discovery of names one had noted in the war years! One could take any part of France, however, and derive much entertainment from the search. If one were motoring, it would have to be done leisurely—quartering a district slowly and repressing the urge to be "getting on." Very possibly the most satisfactory way to go would be on foot, using the railways sparingly, and alighting at very wayside stations.

My list of names, at any rate, brings Picardy and Artois back to memory. On one of its pages is the

"bag" resulting from an evening ride to Merville—a little town (at that period quite undamaged) behind the line, not far from Armentières. The list contains "*Au Gazon Vert*," "*A la Rainette*," "*Au Point du Jour*," "*Au Repos des Refugiés*," "*Au Cornet Bronze*," "*Au Chant des Oiseaux*," "*A la Tranquillité*"—and that favourite of all canal- or river-bordering townships—"*Au Rendezvous des Pêcheurs*." Alas! that when I saw Merville there were no fishermen left—nobody to tell the tale, or listen to it! One prays devoutly that to-day, in a Merville not too glaringly rebuilt (it suffered cruelly after we had gone) some of the pre-war anglers are back in their favourite places on the placid Lys.

The larger towns had, of course, their "*Hôtel de France*" (is there an "England Hotel"—one doubts it—in all Britain?) and sometimes also—though this was not so common as in other parts of France, notably Burgundy and Orleans—an "*Ecu de France*" (crown and fleur-de-lys, on a field of Valois blue),* "*La Couronne*," too, and "*Couronne d'Or*" survived from a bygone day.

But it was the names of the small estaminets, away from the beaten track, and in some cases difficult to find, which most took one's fancy. "*Au Bon Air*," "*Au Soleil*," "*A la Belle Vue*," "*Aux Quatre Vents*," "*Au Bon Coin*," "*A la Bonne Friture*"—they were pleasing to eye and ear. And—"*Au Chemin Perdu*," "*A la Table Ronde*," "*Au Dernier Sou*," "*Au Coin Menteur*," "*A la Tête de Bronze*"—there were those among them that were enigmatic.

Saints' names, and the names of birds and animals, were widespread in all those districts, "*Au Vrai Saint Joseph*" being, perhaps, favourite among the saints, with next in popularity Saint Eloi. There were Crépins, Huberts, Barthelemys and Georges. Saint Charles was always spoken of as "*Petit*," whereas it was invariably

* There was a fine one in Airaines, which little town figures in "Froissart" as the headquarters of the English Army before and after Crecy.—AUTHOR.

"*Au Grand Saint Martin.*" "*A l'Ange*" was often to be met with. And "*Aux Trois Rois*" (commemorating the "Three Wise Kings," or Magi) was as popular in the districts of French Flanders as it is nearer to Cologne.

"*A la Grace de Dieu,*" between Blaringhem and Acquin, "*Au Paradis des Enfants*" and "*A la Garde de Dieu,*" in Bailleul, afforded additional instances of pious usage. Of animals, there was many a "*Lion d'Or*" and "*Lion Blanc*" (but never a "*Lion Rouge*"). "*Au Bœuf*" seemed common—and appropriate—for a restaurant. "*Au Chat Maigre*" figured often, while the birds were for the most part pelicans, falcons, swallows, nightingales, swans and "golden" peacocks. "*Au Chant des Oiseaux*" (already recorded as having been seen in Merville) was a pleasing name in many other places. "*Aux Coqs Hardis,*" in St. Omer, was afterwards recalled by that comfortable hostelry in which so many parties of British officers have stayed, since the Armistice, when visiting the battlefields of Verdun. And, lastly, near Bac St. Maur was an inn which bore a name which included all the animals—"*A l'Arche de Noë.*"

"*Mieux ici qu'en face*" was to be found, if memory serves, in Beuvry. "*En face*" was not, as might have been expected, a rival inn—but the local prison! "*Aujourd'hui pour l'argent, demain pour rien*" perpetuated, in many places, a jest beloved by Flemish peasants.

Flower-names figured rarely in the inn names of those districts. One came occasionally upon a "*Fleur de Lys,*" particularly in villages upon the Lys, whence one suspects confusion, or perhaps a pleasantry. "*A la Fleur de Printemps*" and "*A la Rose*" were to be met with; but, except for "*Au Rosendael*" (a hybrid, on the Flemish border) and a surprising "*Aux Bonnets qui Tombent,*"* on the outskirts of St. Pol, flowers were conspicuous by their absence. And as to vegetables—which one might have expected to bulk largely in such an agricultural

* Popular French name for the *eschscholtzia*, or Californian poppy.—AUTHOR.

country—"*A la Betterave*" was the only vegetable name one noticed.

It is strange that the Napoleonic victories should have left so little mark on nomenclature, at any rate in these northern districts. Now and again one came upon "*Au Petit Caporal.*" There was one, indeed, accompanied by a very spirited "Crossing of the Alps," at Henencourt, not far from Albert, and another back in the Boulogne-Wimereux country, while in Steenwoorde "*Aux Trois Empereurs*" commemorated (one supposes) the field of Austerlitz. It would be interesting to discover how that other "Corporal's" memory—Marlborough—has fared, up Oudenarde way, and in Malplaquet.

And, curiously enough, there did exist "*Au Grand Malbrouck,*" in a village to the south of St. Omer, the curious spelling of the name recalling memories of childhood, for the French have (or had) a song which lampoons the General (our Breton nurses used to love to tease us with it), and which tells, with rather scurrilous detail, how "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre.*" It goes to the tune of our festive song, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" and the writer well remembers the astonishment of our hosts, at a *gala* post-war banquet in Verdun citadel, when we British officers sang the latter in their honour!

There were some pretty names in the forest district of Nieppe. "*Au Feuillage Vert*" might answer to our "Greenwood Tree"; and there were also in the same district "*A la Clef de Bois*" and "*A la Branche.*" "*Au Globe*" and "*A l'Avenir*" were common in the St. Omer district, and (as befits that country) "*Au Bon Laboureur*" and "*Au Vrai Laboureur*" were everywhere. "*A la Botte de Pailles*" (or "*de Lin*"), "*Au Charron*" (ploughshare), "*A la Houblonnière*" (hop-field) and "*Au Pré Salé*"* were other good examples, of the earth earthy, as was the ever-charming "*A l'Epi de Blé.*" (Long after the war, while touring in Southern Germany from our

* There was also "*Au Pré Catalan,*" in Hardelôt; but its meaning has escaped me.—AUTHOR.

occupation headquarters on the Rhine, one came frequently on its equivalent among the cornlands of Bavaria; and three golden ears of corn form (on a blue ground) the arms of the lovely little town of Dinkelsbühl. If only the cronies of the "*Epi de Blé*" could sometimes meet their *vis-à-vis*—equally nice and tanned and earthy—of "*das Getreide*," how simple everything might be!)

"*Au Tambour*" and "*Au Champ de Mars*" sounded again the war note. "*Au Retour de Tonkin*" told of yearnings for home in French colonial enterprises. "*A la Trompe*" was fairly widespread—more probably the sporting kind of trumpet than the military, or more likely still, the "Last Trump," for it was often used in conjunction with an angel. "*Au Grand Krüger*" and "*Estaminet de Prétoria*" were reminiscent of pre-*Entente Cordiale* days; though "*A la Reine d'Angleterre*," near Neuve Eglise, made any necessary amends.

Sporting subjects, in point of fact, were rare. There was "*Au Chasseur à Cheval*" in Meteren, and "*Au Cerf*" in Flêtre. "*Au Refuge de Renard*," in the Westoutre area, seemed to argue a kindlier feeling for that animal than might be considered correct in England.

Many of the hastily-jotted entries in the little war-time diary are now all but illegible; and there are others to which it is difficult, at this distance of time, to assign much meaning. "*A la Petite Cendrillon*," one understands; but what of "*Au Cornet Malo*"? An entry, too, made by my friend, in *his* diary, speaks of "*Au Rouge Mourchon*." He is almost positive about the correctness of his copying; but who, or what, is a "*mourchon*"?* And what is the story behind the name upon an inn at Steenwoorde—"*Au Chanoine Solitaire*"?

* * * * * *

It could, indeed, form a fascinating recreation, the collecting of names of farms and inns! One might, for instance, take Provence—that lovely part of it by Arles

* My friend does not think it was "*Rouge Mouron*," which is Scarlet Pimpernel.—AUTHOR.

and Nîmes and Avignon; or, again, one might select Guyenne, or—but the choice is boundless.

If, however, the "collector" should prefer to travel the districts covered in this paper, he might amuse himself by seeking to identify some of the names it mentions. He will assuredly find many other good ones.

He may discover, what the writer never succeeded in discovering, an *estaminet* "*Au Grand Monarque,*" or farmsteads (which find he did) called "*Ferme du Château d'en Haut*" and "*Ferme de la Belle Hôtesse.*" He may stop for a "*bock*" (he will want to, if it is in summer !) at "*Autant mieux qu'ailleurs*" in St. Omer, or "*Au Petit Matelot*" in Dunkirk.

And, when in the vicinity of Armentières, he will go in search of, and *perhaps* find happily restored, the gem of this amateur collection—"*Ferme de la Fleur d'Ecosse.*"

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A Countryman's Diary

June 16th.

A SATURDAY which sees the finish of haymaking save for some trimming of the pastures in which the cows have been grazing since March. One of my neighbours made an amazing statement to me to-day. "This year," he said, "there's been more good hay made than in any year during my memory." I told him that I had the lightest crop in all my farming career, whereupon he replied "I said *good hay*, and one ton of good's worth two tons of bad." Thinking it over afterwards I've come to the conclusion that he's right. This year I have a bare three-quarters of my usual tonnage, but it is all good. Seeing the lack of moisture it's amazing to me that our shallow chalk soil in this part of Wiltshire has been able to produce anything at all. Still, I have always found that these light chalk soils have more "guts" in them than some of the heavier ones.

June 18th.

Apparently the time has come when the awful truth that quota restrictions have failed to raise beef prices has had to be admitted. Why our administrators should consider it to be immoral to tax the people's food, and quite all right to take it away from them instead, beats me. No tariff would keep imported goods out I am told. Of course it wouldn't, but a tariff which raised prices would help the home farmer and put some money into the treasury. Quotas do neither. Besides, the only thing which will keep out imported goods is the home production of a BETTER QUALITY ARTICLE AT AN ATTRACTIVE PRICE.

June 20th.

When, oh when will it rain? Haymaking's over, and we are busy gathering up trimmings. The drought has taken away the pounds so we must take care of the pence. This scraping up of once unconsidered trifles of hay has meant that in a good many cases we have had to wagon it from all over the farm to one stack; and this has stressed

once again how slow this method is by comparison with sweeps.

June 21st.

A few storms to-day, and a grey sky, but still no real rain. In an ordinary season I would have laid money this morning that we had a lot of rain to-day, but now the weather has got into the bad habit of drought, it cannot seem to break it. Thank goodness, we have an efficient water supply with troughs in every field on the farm. Still, even so, this weather is bad for grazing cattle, and the milk yield has begun its downward slide. At mid-day to-day I looked from the downs into a meadow in which I had some sixty odd cows grazing, and I could only count eight of them. All the rest were hidden in under the willows, away from the flies and the sun. Many people think that the worst time for outdoor milking is in the winter, but in actual fact to-day's weather is the worst possible. At one point this afternoon it was a job to keep the cows in the corral, because the stout flies were worrying them so badly. Give me a south-west wind with plenty of rain in December for this job every time.

June 22nd.

One of my neighbours drove me up to Mr. Hosier's farm this afternoon, where we found a large party of our rulers who had come to spy out the land and talk with a successful farmer. It is very gratifying to some of us to find that more and more people are beginning to realize the quality of the man whom many farmers called a maniac a few short years ago. After a thorough investigation of the farm and its doings we had a free for all discussion of farming politics, from which three farmers learned a good deal of the difficulties of administration, and the other side learned, I think, that if the nation intends to develop its farming industry it should devote its efforts to those branches of farming which produce fresh perishable food.

But how difficult it is to get people to see that the choice must be made between grain or the animals which eat it.

June 25th.

An appreciable quantity of rain at last, chiefly thunderstorms. I don't like thunder as a rule, but if it will break up the drought I'm all for it. Our milk yield went up eight gallons to-day, not because there was any more grass in the pastures, but simply and solely because the cows could graze what there was in comfort. Mackintoshes are cheap I'm told, and I need one, but in one of to-day's storms I went out for a walk without a coat, and it was fine to feel the rain on my face, to get a little mud on my boots, and to feel that the whole countryside was being refreshed by a much needed drink. Granted, I got wet to the skin, but that felt fine too.

June 27th.

Travelled up to London to-day from Salisbury, and, like all farmers, noticed the crops by the railway line. The bulk of the grain crops were light, very light, and a lot were so bad as to barely pay the expenses of harvesting. Still, there were some good fields of wheat, which, in every case, I'll bet money were on farms where there is a good head of livestock. Got my leg pulled in town. "You keep saying that England has a wet climate and that it's unsuitable for grain-growing, and that it's green," I was chaffed. "And it's as brown as your hat. You'll have to revise your ideas." However, rain, heavy rain, came to my aid just after lunch, but on the journey home I thought about this dry summer in connection with the doctrines I preach, being prepared to admit my mistake if this succession of dry summers should prove me to be in the wrong. And then the grain by the railway told me once again that I was right. The poor crops, crops which could never pay under any policy, looked the same as they did when I travelled up, but every good crop had been laid flat by the thunder rain. From no standpoint can

one say that this country is well-suited to grain-growing. The climatic risk is too great. If we get a drought we can't grow decent grain crops over the bulk of our land, and where we do manage to grow a good crop an occasional thunderstorm takes away the possible profit. Even if we are entering upon a series of dry years, increased grain-growing won't save our farming industry.

July 3rd.

A day off, fishing on the Wylye, the first day with my rod this year. And it was hot. Much too hot to fish furiously. Also there was precious little water, and what there was was gin clear. Still, I got a brace of good grayling during the day, and managed to snaffle a takeable trout out of a mill pool late on in the evening. Also, if truth be told, I went to sleep in the meadows for over an hour, and during the day helped the barley grower by drinking more than my customary allowance of beer.

July 5th.

Driving round the countryside this evening I got a sniff of a hot hayrick, a real hot one, so evidently my neighbour must have lost his watch during haymaking, and, not knowing the right time, carried his hay a trifle too quickly. Well, we all do it at some time or another, and especially when the sun is shining.

July 10*th.*

As far as I can see from the newspapers it is being generally admitted that where tariffs have been imposed on agricultural produce they have effected definite improvement, especially in connection with market garden produce, but why Mr. Elliot should pat himself on the back because of the 60 per cent. oat duty passes my comprehension? To try to improve the condition of our livestock industry with one hand, and to make the raw material it uses dearer with the other, seems absurd. Even if oats and livestock were of similar volume it

would be merely robbing Peter to pay Paul. Seeing that livestock are at least 36 times more important than oat selling to our farming it means that the present policy is robbing 36 Peters to keep one Paul, a fellow who doesn't matter very much anyway, out of the bankruptcy court. Sooner or later someone in authority will have to dare to be unpopular enough to make a choice. This facing both ways does no good to farming, and it is bound to infuriate the town consumer who will pay the bill.

July 11th.

At last, at long last, there are signs that the choice between livestock and grain in farming policy will have to be made in favour of the former. To-day the Wilts County Executive of the N.F.U. registered an emphatic "No" to the suggestion from East Anglia that the barley duty should be increased or that there should be a marketing scheme for barley whose object should be to raise the price of this farm product. Wiltshire farmers argued that any rise in the price of barley would mean a rise in the price of all animal feeding stuffs. Yet the same men were overpersuaded by some of their short-sighted neighbours to support the increased oat duty some time ago. It is mainly because farmers have not made a definite choice between grain and livestock that the industry is in such a mess to-day. Had they stated the claims of their industry logically and honestly some years ago, our administrators would have been able to frame a policy which would have put farming on its feet by this time. Still, at long last, sanity begins to dawn in farming circles, in Wiltshire at any rate. Give our farmers cheap oats, cheap wheat, and cheap barley, and they will be better equipped to compete with the overseas producer in the production of eggs, meat, and milk, which is far and away their main business.

July 12th.

To-day the papers tell me that there is to be an immediate subsidy for beef, to tide over this branch of

farming until a long term policy can be brought into being. I don't like subsidies on principle, but if a sensible long term policy is to follow, I'm all for this one. Still, there's one statement used in this beef question which needs to be squashed. People say that if beef gets better, more farmers will turn away from milk to beef, which will help the over-production in milk. THERE IS NO OVER-PRODUCTION OF MILK IN THIS COUNTRY TO-DAY. We are importing twice our production in terms of manufactured milk products, and it would be good policy to double our present milk production. A rise in beef prices will help the milk industry tremendously, because the value of barren cattle will increase. Cheaper grain and animal feeding stuffs will help meat, milk, and eggs tremendously. Give our farmers these and they will be able to give our town consumers first quality fresh produce at an attractive price. I'm all for cheap food if I can get a decent living from producing it.

July 13th.

In the leading article of the "Morning Post" this morning I read these words. "For whereas wheat-growing, *even in the Eastern Counties*, has been for many years a minor branch of our agriculture, livestock carries a great proportion of British farmers on their backs." Two years ago that sentence, especially the part in *italics*, would not have been published in this newspaper. At last, we are learning from past mistakes.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

ONCE more Europe is under the influence of events in Germany, and as their outcome is extremely uncertain there is nothing for diplomacy to do but mark time. The internal differences in the Reich, to which allusion was made in these pages last month, have come to a head, and the result has been a *coup de main* on the part of Hitler and Göring which has shocked the conscience of the world. Far from strengthening their position by the drastic action which they have taken, they have greatly weakened it, for the indiscriminate massacre of suspected opponents is proof of a panic born of fear, and so it has been universally interpreted.

As for the so-called " plot," it is clearly on a par with that of which the burning of the Reichstag formed a part, and with the allegation that Belgian civilians had fired on German soldiers which was used to cover a multitude of Teutonic sins in the late war. Hitler's " revelations " were most unconvincing. If there was any sort of evidence, why were the accused not brought to trial? The proof of their guilt in open court would have strengthened the Nazi régime enormously. Moreover, the views of the alleged conspirators were so diametrically opposed that to say they were all engaged in the same plot is as manifestly absurd as it would be to accuse Lord Lloyd, Mr. Maxton, Lord FitzAlan, Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Stafford Cripps, Professor Mowat and the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW of being engaged in the same conspiracy. It is impossible to describe what has been happening in Germany by any other phrase than cold-blooded murder.

Hitler's Blunders

NO one who was at all intimately acquainted with German affairs had any illusions about the morals of the Storm Troop leaders, and many of the latter were

clearly better out of the way, though that is no justification for them being shot without trial. Either Hitler knew of their moral delinquencies, or he did not. If he did know, then the responsibility for appointing them to influential posts is his; if he did not, then he is unfitted for the position he holds. Against the morals of the Royalists and Catholics who have perished it is satisfactory to note that no charge of any sort has been made, so they presumably suffered merely for their opinions.

In his speech to the Reichstag the Chancellor was careful, in view of his dependence upon the army, to give the impression that his action was taken to avert a threat from the Left. If so, why were men holding Right opinions also shot? The admission that prisoners have been tortured is illuminating, too, and its significance is in no way diminished by the announcement that those responsible have been punished. It is true (and our British Socialists would do well to remember the fact before they get too indignant) that the Bolshevists have committed far worse atrocities, but then Russia is a civilized country only in name. Not the least of Hitler's blunders has been to bring the Nazi régime down to the Bolshevist level.

The Present Position

THE myth of a Germany solidly united behind Hitler has been exploded, and the basis of Nazi power has narrowed very considerably. At the same time, there are still millions of Germans who believe in the Fuhrer implicitly, and their faith will not be shaken until the economic situation is a good deal worse. One is inclined to forget what the average German has suffered during the past twenty years, and he will accordingly put up with an amount of hardship which would drive the French, Italians, and ourselves to revolt. It is important not to lose sight of this fact in estimating the future course of events in the Reich. German governments are, too, always skilful in handling their own people, however

stupid they may be where the psychology of foreign nations is concerned.

The triumvirate of Hitler, Göbbels, and Göring has for the moment also the backing of the Reichswehr, the S.S., and the police. This would be quite enough to keep the Nazi régime in power indefinitely, but for the fact that the combination is not likely to continue. Göbbels and Göring are such bitter enemies that they will only hang together so long as the alternative is to hang separately, while the animosity that exists between the army and the S.S. is notorious. Lastly, there is always the risk that Hitler may be assassinated by some embittered Storm Trooper, and political murders have been numerous in Germany since the war.

The Future

CONTROL seems likely to become increasingly centred in the Reichswehr and its chiefs, though Hitler will probably be retained as a convenient figure-head for a considerable period. There is, of course, the danger of a violent explosion if any large number of the Storm Troops go over to the Communists. In that event civil war would probably ensue, and the unity of the Reich might well break up in the process. From a European standpoint this would be no bad thing, and it would enable the other Powers to do what should have been done at Versailles, namely, to strengthen South Germany against Prussia. It is by no means certain yet whether there can ever be peace in Europe while there is a united Germany.

What is clear is that the Nazi régime, as established in the spring of last year, does not mark finality. Whether it is to be a mere episode in German history, or whether in some form its influence is to continue, are questions we cannot yet answer. It is more than likely that the progress of events will now become so rapid that by Christmas the future will be clearer than it is to-day. Meanwhile the rest of the world can but wait and see,

keeping its powder dry in case the Nazi wild men try to save themselves by the gambler's throw of a foreign war.

The Pacts

THE parlous plight of Disarmament has brought into existence a number of regional Pacts, though whether the latter are to be regarded as a step in the direction of peace time alone can show. A good many hard things have been said in these columns at one time and another with regard to the National Government's handling of foreign policy, but the Cabinet is in the present instance to be congratulated upon its refusal to accept any further commitments. If any fresh Pact can help to bring about more stable conditions in Eastern Europe, so much the better, but let no one think that this country is going to guarantee a comma of it.

As for the admission of Russia to the League, there can be no objection to it provided that it does not take place as part of an anti-German move, and, above all, that Polish interests are not adversely affected. Poland stands to-day as the representative of Western civilization in an area where law means little more than rule by the revolver, and in the common interests of humanity she must be strengthened rather than weakened. An understanding between her and the Baltic States is the best guarantee of stability in Eastern Europe, and this seems to be in a fair way of coming to pass. The guiding principle must be to strengthen Poland, and not to place her in a position where she will have to take sides against either her Russian or German neighbour.

The League

EVEN if the whole world is to be covered with a network of regional understandings that need not necessarily take us any further forward in the direction of peace. Differences will arise, and how are they to be settled? The Hague Court can deal with the interpretation of the letter of a treaty, but it was never intended, nor is it

competent, to express an opinion on other than purely legal points. The enthusiasts of the League of Nations Union would have the Council of the League as the supreme arbiter, that is to say they want to turn a political assembly into a court of equity, which is absurd.

Moreover, the machinery of the League is itself breaking down. The Council has been increased until it has become unwieldy, and it is little more now than an attenuated Assembly. If Russia is elected to the Council, and Germany returns to it, the position will be worse. In these circumstances something more than the League Council will clearly be required to iron out any differences that arise as a result of the new understandings which are envisaged, that is to say when such differences are not of a purely technical character.

The Four-Power Pact

THIS is where the Four-Power Pact (possibly extended to include Russia) can perform a singularly useful purpose. The Great Powers, upon whom the responsibility for the maintenance of peace in the last resort depends, would be in a position to consult together, and so to take decisions before it was too late. After all, that very defective instrument, the Holy Alliance, did keep the peace of Europe for forty years, and there is no reason why a successor, profiting by its mistakes, should not do even better.

The advocates of a world court are working along the right lines, but they too often forget that these things come very slowly. One of the chief reasons for the present international chaos has been the setting up of machinery for which the world is not ready, and nothing worth doing is done in a hurry. The right course is to make the Four-Power Pact effective, and then let it gain the confidence of mankind. Once that has been done it will be time enough to consider the creation of a tribunal to give decisions on points of equity, such as the rectification of frontiers. This is one day going to be the acid test of

the present system, but confidence is the pre-requisite of arbitration, and the Four-Power Pact is the surest way to beget confidence.

Whither Europe?

RECENT events in Germany, and the possibility of what they are pleased to call an "Eastern Locarno," seem to have put fresh heart into Liberals all over Europe, and the latter are beginning to ask whether the reaction against their standpoint has not spent itself. The answer is that there is no sign of a return to Liberalism, and those who are still defending it are being compelled, as in France, to enlist Communist support. This is, indeed, only the logical development of a movement which has always progressed ever further to the Left, but it shows to what a plight the supporters of the old order of the nineteenth century are reduced.

The principle of vocational representation and the ethical State is everywhere gaining ground. It has been adopted in Italy, Austria, and Portugal; it is about to be applied in Bulgaria; and it is advocated by powerful sections of opinion in France and Spain. The German crisis in no way affects the progress of the corporate idea, for the Nazis have not made any effort to apply it: had they done so, their position to-day might well have been very different. It is thus very cold comfort that the orthodox Liberal can obtain from the trend of events in Europe, and it is more than likely that the next few months will see further resounding blows dealt at all that he holds dear.

Spanish Affairs

UNHAPPY Spain is now paying, in the shape of a dispute with Catalonia, for those unholy bargains among the politicians of the Left that made possible the overthrow of the monarchy. The Catalans would not support the republicans unless they were given Home Rule, and now that the rest of Spain is, under the

inspiration of Gil Robles, recovering its political sanity, the inconveniences of this state of affairs are making themselves felt. The present dispute between Spain and Catalonia has, moreover, an interest for the inhabitants of the British Empire, for it is not difficult to see how a similar crisis might arise between one of the Dominions and Great Britain, now that their relations are controlled by the Statute of Westminster.

The Catalan Corts, where the Left still has a majority, passed a measure called the Law of Cultivation Contracts, which nullified all contracts between landowners and farmers by which the latter engaged to pay taxes and other dues levied on their land. This measure was declared null and void by the Court of Constitutional Guarantees, which by Article 15 of the Statute of Catalonia has jurisdiction. The reply of the Catalan Corts was to re-enact the measure in question, which was thereupon promulgated by the President of Catalonia. There the matter stands for the moment, but it has raised an issue which may affect the whole future of the Spanish Republic. In the last resort Catalonia cannot stand alone, for she has no other market than Spain for her products, while the Catalan Right is in sympathy with the Spanish point of view. The whole business is an excellent example of what happens when democratic politicians start sowing the wind.

The New Spain

THOSE who wish to understand the Spain of to-morrow cannot do better than read " Defensa de la Hispanidad," by Ramiro de Maeztu (Ediciones Fax. 6 Ptas.), a book which it is to be hoped will soon find an English publisher. The author defines *hispanidad* as the culture of the Peninsula which also flourishes in Spanish and Portuguese America, and he rightly says that it cannot be confined to any one race, colour, or nation. In this volume he analyses the legacy of Spain and Portugal to Western civilization, and he says that there can be no

Spanish revival until his fellow-countrymen once more return to their old standard of values. Every page is a powerful plea for the rebuilding of Spain on foundations consonant with her traditional genius.

Señor Ramiro de Maeztu believes, with every justification it may be added, that the application of alien theories, both in politics and literature, to his country has been the principal cause of her weakness for so many years, and he wants to bring this state of affairs to an end. Interesting and instructive as are his opinions in themselves, they are the more valuable in that he is the leader of an increasing number of the younger people, who to-morrow may well be the masters of Spain. Many a novel point of view is here presented to the foreign reader, but the book definitely ranks its author as one of the leaders of contemporary European thought.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

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Literary Notes

Autobiographies

THIS is the age of biographies and autobiographies, as the age of Elizabeth was of drama, and the age of Victoria of fiction. Masterpieces are rare in any age, and one must not complain that to detect a masterpiece swirling by in the present biographical spate is almost as much a matter of luck as to pick an eel out of a sack full of snakes—the unchivalrous Indian image for a man choosing a wife.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford, in his autobiography ("It Was The Nightingale," Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), says that a man's one good book will be his autobiography, but that he had hitherto shrunk from writing his because he feared the charge of vanity. This fear of being charged with vanity is much less strongly felt when a man is talking about himself than when he is writing about himself. As long as a man can see his victim

in front of him, he cares little what hostile thoughts he is arousing. It is not so much the fear of being thought vain as the fear of not being listened to which makes a man uneasy when he picks up his pen to write the story of his life. His readers are out of sight, they can lay his book down when they please, they cannot be intimidated, they must be cajoled. This is the reasoning of most autobiographers, but, human nature being what it is, it is faulty reasoning. The only way for an autobiographer to subdue his reader completely is to forget all about him.

Mr. Ford tries to placate his readers by telling them that he has taken as much trouble over his autobiography as though it were a novel—"I have employed every wile known to me as a novelist—the timeshift, the *progressions d'effet*, the adaptation of rhythms to the pace of the action." The suggestion seems to be that the reader will forgive Mr. Ford for writing about himself in consideration of the interest to be derived from the complex machinery assembled by Mr. Ford to perform a task of small intrinsic importance. The means, Mr. Ford hopes, will justify the end by obliterating it.

Mr. Ford is perhaps diffident rather than humble, and might be more direct about himself if he were sure that by being more direct he would be more impressive. He has the air of a man who combines a strong desire to dogmatize with a secret diffidence about the value of his opinions. On the whole, this diffidence is justified, if it exists, for Mr. Ford, though he can describe scenes and persons admirably, seems to have no capacity to unify his impressions into a coherent view of life. At one moment he writes, as though for a leader in the *Daily Mail*, of "a company of several million men who were offering their lives so that France might be saved for the world." At another moment he is hushed in awe before "the Ruling classes," whom he describes as "authoritative, cynical, instructed in the ways of

mankind." Anon he is standing hat in hand as George Moore passes along the Quai Malaquais, or editing an advanced magazine, the transatlantic review, discarding capital letters because he had seen the name of a shop in small letters and had liked the effect. His life appears to have been a heap of disconnected impulses, like Boswell's, but he lacks the abandon which made Boswell give himself away. If Mr. Ford would forget all about the timeshift, the adaptation of rhythms to the pace of the action, and the rest of it, and apply the art he shows in his sketches of Galsworthy, Coppard, and Frank Harris to a sincere revelation of what has moved and interested him in life, he could write his one good book.

The "Broken Record" of Mr. Roy Campbell (Boriswood, 7s. 6d.) is spoiled, like Mr. Ford's autobiography, by bluff and pose, but it has great energy and gleams of poetry. He is at his best when he is recording his impressions of what he has seen and felt in his varied life, as a hunter in South Africa, a sailor off the French Mediterranean coast, an undergraduate at Oxford, a painter by force of circumstances in a Marseilles café. A good instance of his descriptive gift is the narrative of how a python swam after a boat in which his elder brother George was rowing him and a little nigger, both aged five. "Don't howl, you bloody fool," George effectively consoled him, "don't you know that pythons always eat nigger kids first?" His picture of Oxford shows his individual way of looking at things, for he must be the first person to see it as predominantly a roaring haunt of crows. "I was struck with the amount of crows in the country . . . they were flapping and roaring to each other every time the wind blew, and they had even built nests in the town near Balliol College. . . . Whenever I think of Oxford it is with regret; I could promenade round its streets forever, in spite of the infernal din of its bells and the roaring of its crows."

His thoughts about life are not as quickening as his impressions. They amount to little more than a reiterated conviction that the simple equestrian civilization of South Africa which produced Mr. Roy Campbell is superior to the mechanical and effeminate civilization of modern England, which has produced Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Mr. Peter Quennell. "No man," Johnson says, "thinks much of that which he despises." Mr. Campbell is too much occupied with passing intellectual fashions, and too little occupied in clearing up his own mental and emotional confusion. "I am often," he says, "taken to task for seeming to be unaware of a contemporary mood, and for not expressing the 'doubts' and 'hesitations' of our time." As far as one can judge from "Broken Record," Mr. Campbell's chief intellectual interest is the contemporary mood, his criticisms of which have been much better put by Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis. There are signs of an original and poetic nature in this book, but Mr. Campbell will not do much until he cures himself of the self-complacency evident in his description of his book as "the record of an entirely useless and selfish career, spent mostly in the sun, in dreaming, and in fanfaronnading."

"The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens" (William Heinemann, 18s.) belong to the Victorian method of autobiography, a method based on Rousseau's "Confessions" as the model of everything an autobiographer should avoid. Sir Henry being really the simple and kindly person that every Victorian autobiographer had to paint himself, his reminiscences have the charm of sincerity, in spite of their translation of reality into the convention that nothing unpleasant ever happens in the lives of the successful and prosperous. The chief interest of Sir Henry's book is his memories of Charles Dickens. "During the latter years of my father's life," he writes, "my whole being was engrossed in his; and since his death I live upon my

memory of him, which is a very deep and living thing." The love Sir Henry had for his father did not carry with it any understanding of his father's complex character. There was "a feature about my father," he writes, "which we could never quite understand. He was curiously reserved; he did not like to show what he felt." When Sir Henry won a mathematical scholarship at Cambridge, he was disappointed at the apparent lack of enthusiasm of his father, who met him at the station. But as they walked up Gad's Hill, Charles Dickens suddenly broke down, and turning to his son said with tears in his eyes—"God bless you, my boy, God bless you." He was clearly thinking of his own childhood, and contrasting it with his son's. There are many other touches in Sir Henry's memories, the meaning of which his awe for his father prevented him from divining, but the fact that he could not analyse what he records does not detract from the value of his charming narrative.

Bloomsbury in Tibet

THE Hawthornden prize for a work of imagination by a writer not yet forty has been awarded this year to Mr. James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). The story is of two Englishmen, an Englishwoman, and an absconding American financier who are kidnapped and taken in an aeroplane to a remote Tibetan Monastery. The monks of this monastery have discovered the secret of prolonging life to two or three hundred years, and they are anxious to recruit candidates for longevity from the outside world. Of the four kidnapped persons, only one, Conway, is in sympathy with the kind of existence which these monks consider suitable to persons with two or three hundred years before them. Conway tells the head of the monastery that he "got mad-drunk and killed and lechered in great style" during the war, and is therefore ready to enjoy the subdued aesthetic pleasures of

the monks. "Here we shall stay," the head of the monastery replies, "with our books and our music and our meditations, conserving the frail elegancies of a dying age, and seeking such wisdom as men will need when their passions are all spent." A faint tremor of sexual pleasure is one of the amenities at the disposal of these not too holy brethren, but it is made clear that no undue exertions will be required from the war-worn Conway. There is a Chinese girl about the place whom Conway has been watching with pleasure as she plays Bach, Corelli, Scarlatti, and, occasionally, Mozart. The head of the monastery compares her charm with that of "a rainbow reflected in a glass-bowl, or dewdrops on the blossom of the fruit tree," and Conway sighs his agreement with these restful images.

The story of "Lost Horizon" is excellently told, but there is nothing to be said in favour of the author's vision of a world which will presently make itself safe for Bloomsbury by fighting, boozing and lechering itself to a standstill.

First-aid for Mr. James Hilton.

"LIGHTS of Asia" (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.) by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, gives an outline of the four great religions of the world, Islamism, Judaism, Christianity, and Buddhism. The account which the author, who is a Moslem, gives of Christianity is insipid and slightly unctuous. The other three religions are excellently summarized. We recommend this book to Mr. Hilton, and hope that before he writes his next philosophical fantasy he will have revised his anaemic view that energy must be exhausted before wisdom and happiness can be attained, in the light of such sayings as Mohammed's—"Hell is veiled in delights, and Heaven in hardships and miseries."

Poems of Edwin Muir

VARIATIONS ON A TIME THEME. By EDWIN MUIR. (Dent. 2s. 6d.)

NONE of Mr. Edwin Muir's small amount of published verse is very different from his new book "Variations on A Time Theme" (Dent, 2*s.* 6*d.*). The same theme made concrete in the same imagery has always occupied him. His new poems, a little more complicated in thought, have the same kind of occasional excellence, the same demerits. Mr. Muir is a small poet; but most small poets, particularly those of Mr. Muir's age, who were adolescent years before the War, have been impelled to write poems as momentary as the impulses which caused them, and unconnected with a central theme long meditated. It is not in this sense that Mr. Muir writes "occasional poetry." He is subject to a great theme for which his means of expression are inadequate.

> Time has such curious stretches, we are told,
> And generation after generation
> May travel them, sad stationary journey,
> Of what device, what meaning?

Mr. Muir has thought about the instantaneous tyranny of Time, and though the manner of his poetry in general is not of the present, his ideas are typical of an age with little belief beyond a vague humanism. He is hopeless in the face of Time and is not cheered up by the vague ghost of Eternity.

> Can we fill these nameless fields,
> Nameless ourselves, between the impotent dead
> And the unborn, cut off from both, fateless,
> Yet ruled by fate? Many will follow us.

This despair recurs again and again :—

> The veterans return, bearing in feeble hands
> The peace that is won and lost . . .
> . . . dull stars will rust
> Among my own and miscellaneous dust. . . .
> Now these dead stones
> Among dead stones, where the late nomads pitch
> Their nightly tents, leaving a little refuse,
> The comfortless smell of casual habitation,

Human or bestial—indistinguishable. . . .
Imprisonment's for ever; we're the mock of Time,
While lost and empty lies eternity. . . .

Mr. Muir comes no nearer to a conclusion than resigning himself to his bewilderment without any length of comfort in resignation. We ride our heraldic, stationary animals :

These beasts are mortal, and we who fall so lightly,
Fall so heavily, are, it is said, immortal.
Such knowledge should armour us against all change,
And this monotony. Yet these worn saddles
have powers to charm us to obliviousness.
They were appointed for us, and the scent of the ancient leather
Is strong as a spell. . . .

Mr. Muir's ideas are of a quality which has not been common in poetry of the last twenty years, but ideas do not make poems and after reading "Variations on A Time Theme" one may be persuaded by the quality of the thought into thinking the poetry much better than it is. Most of the lines Mr. Muir has written as a thinker, not as a poet. Usually he lacks a poet's style. His poems have not often found and been urged into the exact and unique language which is proper to good poetry. Few of them have the discipline of form, or the peculiarity of rhythm. Mr. Muir most deserves to be read as a poet when least oppressed by his ideas. He is a poet (like Vaughan, a small poet so much his superior) in passages only, and his best poems such as the ninth variation or "The Fall" (in Six Poems, 1932) are initiated by as much prose as poetry. But his best ecstatic passages put one in mind of much which is pure and lovely in other poets of Mr. Muir's type, are fine to read and have some of them the vision of spiritual insight. Few of these moments of success convey Mr. Muir's despair before Time. They have to do rather with his sense of the instantaneous unity of Time, with his paradisal yearning, and they occur also when he uses his particular heraldic imagery, which gives substance to all that he implies by the frequent word "stationary." Here is one passage

from the " Chorus of The Newly Dead," Mr. Muir's second volume of verse, which was published in 1926 :—

That stationary country where
Achilles drives and Hector runs,
Making a movement in the air
Forever, under all the suns!
And that ghostly eternity
Cut by the bridge where journeys Christ,
On endless arcs pacing the sea,
Time turning with his solar tryst!

That may be enough to suggest that reading Mr. Muir with his fragmentariness and many faults is worth more than reading those several eminent poets of the time who are mostly name and a heavy feeble wind.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

The Life Righteous

C. P. SCOTT OF THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. By J. L. HAMMOND. (Bell. 12s. 6d.)

MR. HAMMOND does not attempt to portray C. P. Scott in the flesh; he contents himself with building up his character out of his abstract qualities. These qualities he relates to the causes and political intrigues, the contemporary affairs generally, in which Scott played a part. The idea is that Scott, because of his moral earnestness and understanding, was a steady influence for good. Breakfast with him straightened out for a little while even a mind as essentially crooked as Lloyd George's; his leaders in the *Manchester Guardian* sent truth and enlightenment rolling, like thunder claps, from one mountain peak to another, from one continent to another, into the remote corners of the earth. This manner of presenting Scott's personality does him less than justice, because, when all is said and done, he was, with all his faults, a rich, vigorous character, a fine old buccaneer of righteousness, whose very cant was so robust that it had an almost Elizabethan flavour about it.

Take, for instance, his partiality for Lloyd George, the persistent way in which he hitched his wagon to that ungodly, vacillating, but still brilliant star. Even Mr. Hammond finds this a little difficult to handle, and occasionally—whether deliberately or accidently I cannot tell—blows the gaff in a rather

obvious way: as when the two old rascals, with years of disagreement about the Irish question behind them, all of which has been carefully described by Mr. Hammond, shake hands on the Irish Treaty, and Lloyd George remarks: "To think that we have succeeded at last in the task we have both worked at for more than thirty years!"

The point is that Scott liked Lloyd George because he was the same sort of man as Lloyd George—an opportunist with a remarkable capacity for translating opportunism into terms of moral fervour, and for stimulating others to effort on his behalf. He disliked Asquith because Asquith was ponderous, academic, always trying to be a gentleman, affecting to despise demagogy, which was to Scott and Lloyd George the very breath of their nostrils. "You can't feel very happy," Lady Oxford wrote to Scott after the 1922 election, "at having backed the greatest political blackguards and gamblers in our political history." But she was wrong. He felt very happy indeed about it.

Scott's sort of opportunism was, it is true, somewhat peculiar. He had a way of throwing up a smoke screen of sanctity behind which he could make mental adjustments. In a letter to Balfour, for instance, about conscription, he begins with a highly reasonable statement of his position; conscription is permissible when, and only when, the voluntary system has been tried and found wanting. Then he proceeds to argue that, in fact, it has not yet been tried and found wanting, and finishes up by suggesting that, judiciously applied, it will bring as many men into the army as conscription, adding, as though quite incidentally, "Of course, every man should be compelled to state his reasons for not attesting, and to be examined on them if he refuses to attest." What the letter really means is: "Won't the Government, for the sake of Liberals like myself with ideals and a past to live up to, turn the voluntary system into conscription without altering its name?" Most leaders in the *Manchester Guardian* during and after Scott's time have been built on the same sort of pattern as this letter of his to Balfour about conscription. It represents the standard rhythm of Liberal thought and explains why Liberalism becomes irrelevant in moments of real crisis like a war or an economic depression.

Scott's real achievement, which is scarcely touched on in Mr. Hammond's biography, was to exploit a new type of journalism. I remember very well his telling me once, and with

considerable self-satisfaction, how Northcliffe came to Manchester to see him, and how he gave him an appointment that kept him kicking his heels for several hours, and how, when he did see him, Northcliffe said: "You've done something I never even thought of doing; you've made truth pay." The remark showed Northcliffe's penetration and essential naïveté. He saw that, as a journalist, Scott had blazed a new trail; it was not, however, truth that Scott had made to pay, but cunning play with the forms of truth. The two men had different publics—Northcliffe the new literates and Scott the old; Northcliffe the suburbs and Scott industrial nonconformity. Therefore they employed a different technique. Otherwise they had much in common. It would have been amusing to have seen them together chuckling over this new idea of Scott's about making truth pay—an idea, incidentally, whose application has been widely extended. There is no more flourishing racket to-day than the truth racket.

Mr. Hammond's biography is readable, and some of the chapters—notably the two on pre-war foreign policy—are brilliant. It has, however, only a faint connection with its subject. Not once did it evoke for me that bristling beard and wicked eye, that capacity for wrapping up cynicism in righteous tidy phrases ("Truth should be economized," he wrote to me once, explaining why he had not used a leader I had written), that zest for the rough-and-tumble of politics, which made him so captivating, and even lovable, a personality.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Napoleon and Wellington

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Peter Davies. 5s. net).

EVER since the Battle of Waterloo historians have been busy explaining why Napoleon failed to win it. The bare possibility that he met a better soldier than himself on that occasion has been scouted as preposterous, and, to account for the "Sepoy General's" success, the military critics have had to fall back either on Napoleon's own explanations of his defeat (e.g. the treachery of Grouchy, the incompetence of Ney, the stupidity of D'Erlon) or on the timely arrival of Blücher. And, of course, all of them have taken it for granted that the Emperor was a bit off colour in 1815, that if only he had been the man of Marengo, etc., etc. The true explanation of Napoleon's defeat seems to be

that he under-estimated Wellington while Wellington did not under-estimate him; which means that, at the Battle of Waterloo, Wellington was the better soldier. No doubt, if Wellington had been as foolish as Napoleon's opponents usually were, Napoleon would have won Waterloo as well as Austerlitz, Marengo, Wagram, Jena and Friedland. But that is neither here nor there. The chief value of Mr. Guedalla's book is that Wellington is given his due. He won the Battle of Waterloo because he was Wellington, not Wurmser. Incidentally, he did not form so high an opinion of Napoleon's generalship as that expressed by military critics during the past century. He described Napoleon as "a great glutton," who fought very hard to carry a particular point, but who showed no resource if his main attack failed. In fact, he did not think Napoleon superior to his marshals, and was even tactless enough to attribute his victory in great part to the British infantry with which he had beaten the marshals in the Peninsular campaign. This has not been the opinion of military experts. But then Wellington only had to beat Napoleon, while the experts have had to write on strategy.

Mr. Guedalla's book, then, helps to correct the false impression that Waterloo was won merely because Napoleon's star had set. Fortunately, too, Mr. Guedalla's sometimes over-organized brilliance is not obtruded, much to the advantage of the story. But owing to his curious belief that in order to see a mountain clearly one must have an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, he gives us a large number of details which are not relevant to the issue; and his highly-mannered style is too picturesque to be vivid. He seems to have little interest in the people of his story, whom he treats as the puppets of a mimic show. Sometimes they remind one of the flattened figures on a frieze, lifeless, and a trifle silly in their formal poses. But even men of action are men of flesh and blood; simple men, perhaps, but nevertheless men; and Mr. Guedalla does not bring them to life. This is the fault of his method. He tries to see too much, with the result that he sees nothing clearly. Instead of painting a man, he sketches a background. One can't see the actor for the scenery—or the man for the mannerisms.

HESKETH PEARSON.

Physic Science

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE. By NANDOR FORDOR, LL.D. Preface by SIR OLIVER LODGE. Published by Arthur's Press, Ltd., 34, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

THIS encyclopedia is an invaluable addition to the literature of psychical research. It is a gold mine for controversialists, whether they wish to defend or to attack either the alleged facts of spiritualism or the conclusions deduced from those facts. The editor, himself a believer in the reality of supernormal phenomenon, records with impartiality the facts which tell in favour and the facts which tell against this thesis. "Where investigation," writes Sir Oliver Lodge, "has indicated doubts about a phenomenon, those doubts are indicated by the compiler; though his scepticism does not come quite up to the S.P.R. standard, it may be said that he has included hostile opinion, and on the whole has surveyed the subject with fairness and ability."

For instance, the magnificent series of photographs at the beginning of the book contain illustrations showing famous mediums detected in fraud, and a photographic reproduction of those finger-prints which militate against the claims made for one of the most remarkable of all mediums, Marjorie Crandon.

Apart from its value as a reference book and a storehouse of facts, this encyclopedia provides entertaining reading for many hours desultory browsing. I congratulate the author on his judgment, his industry and his power of presenting a mass of facts in a readable form. And I congratulate the publishers on their enterprise, and hope it will meet with the success it deserves.

A. LUNN.

British Rule

THE RISE AND FULFILMENT OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA. By EDWARD THOMPSON and G. T. GARRATT. 1934, p. xii + 690. (Macmillan. 21s.)

THE previous writings of the joint authors of this solid, well-printed and well-documented work are marked by strong preferences for autonomy, as opposed to the maintenance in any effective form of "British Rule" in India. This being so, it is to their credit that, but for a question-begging title, they have maintained a standard of impartiality and frankness of speech which disarms, while it invites, criticism. In their opposition to communal electorates (p. 624) they are on strong ground, but they avoid any discussion of alternatives, such as

indirect elections on a basis of adult male suffrage with a property qualification for females. They mention the Proposals for Indian Constitutional Reform only to describe their examination as "the end of the Conference method," which does less than justice to the proceedings of the Joint Select Committee, and to conclude that "the future Federation of India, one of the greatest experiments the world has ever seen, seems likely to begin its life amidst the recriminations of its two parents." Yet the page heading is "Progress by Conference"!

Of Mr. Gandhi they write (p. 641): "Congress threw its future organization, and the shaping of its policy, into the hands of a man who had never succeeded as a disciplinarian and who, apart from his nationalism, held distinctly individual views on social and economic questions. The process of disillusionment began at once." The Simon Report, "unhappy in form, and in the circumstances of its appearance, was written to British politicians but chiefly read and discussed by Indians, amongst whom it could only arouse hostility."

Indian loans are described in a footnote as "considered, though the matter admits of some doubt, to be backed by the British Government. This enables India in, say, 1933, to borrow money at about half the rate of a Central European Power." The authors' optimism seems here to have overcome their accuracy. Interest and principal of Indian loans would not, in case of default, become a liability of the British nation. The liability lies where the assets repose.

The authors, in their Epilogue, note that India is moving away from constitutional politics: they anticipate a growing separation in the provinces; they look "at best with guarded optimism" on the future of a country "whose economic difficulties are unsolved and possibly insoluble," the vast majority of whose townsmen and industrial workers live "in abject squalor in social conditions which preclude political equality." They foresee the growth of almost autonomous units of Government, with a Central Government endowed with no more authority than the League of Nations.

They express, in conclusion, "a guarded belief that the outcome of the struggle in India may be a sane and civilized relationship between the two countries." "Guarded beliefs" do not win hearts, nor can they inspire action: something more than this is necessary for harmony. Hard metals and intractable

ores resist hammer and saw, but respond to the clear, hot flame of racial and religious fervour. The ideas of race and blood, of caste and country which have transformed Europe, have yet to find their apostles in India. They may prove more powerful than religious ideas, for their roots are in biology and extend back into pre-history. Ernest Renan's idea of race as a spiritual principle may prove more potent than Mr. Gandhi's idea of "non-violence."

A. T. WILSON.

Marx

KARL MARX: A STUDY IN FANATICISM. By E. H. CARR. (Dent. 12s. 6d.)

IT is not easy to say much in favour of Karl Marx the man. His biographers concur in showing him as intolerant, arrogant, envious and heartless. With heartlessness his father taxed him in his student days, for the symptoms displayed themselves early. He availed himself of the advantages of the university, but evaded the obligations of military service, although his health was such as, even in middle age, allowed him to work sixteen hours a day, or walk as many miles in four hours. The son of a *bourgeois* father—a small lawyer in a Rhineland town—Marx developed early a distaste for the *bourgeoisie*. Yet to the lamentably bourgeois training which he received at the university, he owed the ascendancy he maintained over his colleagues in revolution who were, for the most part, simple craftsmen. His loyalty towards his own race may be gauged by his casual reference to Brighton as a "town full of fleas and Jews." When his fellow-extremists were men of superior attainments, Marx would stick at none of the shifts of the intriguer to undermine their influence and assert his own. He refers to the "stale stink" of the tradition of Lassalle, a brilliant Polish Jewish demagogue who had been shot in a duel. Yet when Marx was in dire poverty, Lassalle had advanced him sixty pounds on security, and handed him fifteen as a gift. The oft-cited friendship between Marx and Engels was made possible only by the super Boswellian passivity of Engels. Marx drew upon Engels for money as freely as though he were the bank, and troubled him neither with security, receipts, nor thanks. Sometimes Poor-Watson-Engels was turned on to

writing articles, which, duly signed Karl Marx, appeared in the "New York Tribune," when Marx pocketed the money. Expelled by the police of his fatherland, by those of Brussels and of Paris, the reformer settled in London, whence he regaled his American readers with the atrocities of child exploitation in English factories, although the fact that he derived his information from English blue books and the English press is proof that Englishmen were actively labouring towards a better state of affairs. The martyred Poles and the martyred niggers—the common baggage of Victorian reformers—enjoyed the refugee's sympathy, as also the martyred Fenians who by an unheard-of stroke of ill luck, had killed a policeman they happened to shoot at in a main street in Manchester. This was Marx; wherein lies his appeal? Not in his economics, which were exploded in his own day, but in his cold, yet intellectual passion, and inability to take cognizance of any view-point, but his own. His achievement was not slight. He removed socialism from the cloud-cuckoo-land of utopian dreamers, and established it upon a basis which was pronounced scientific by every soul who was unversed in science. He internationalized socialism. His personality was shattering. Marx more than any one man created the Russia of to-day, and the "Marx-Engels Institute" of Moscow bears witness to his influence. He foresaw the full significance of the industrial epoch, hastened its development, and made himself the symbol of its revolution. Of all that world of mass-produced goods, and mass-produced minds, where the machine counts for so much and individual liberty, and culture, and the human soul for so little, Marx was the prophet, and to a greater extent than is commonly allowed, the creator. Systems resemble their creators, and Marx, like the robot, had no bowels. The reaction against Marxism is inevitable. May it set in soon!

KENNETH HARE.

Spain

THE HISTORY OF SPAIN 711–1931. By LOUIS BERTRAND and SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bart. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.)

M. LOUIS BERTRAND'S "History of Spain" is already known, perhaps, to those interested in the subject. It now appears in English dress (Mr. Warre B. Wells the translator), together with a

long supplementary "History of Spain" since the death of Philip II, by Sir Charles Petrie.

M. Bertrand's work has, essentially, two subjects, the Moorish occupation of Spain and the Spanish occupation of America, and very skilfully he links them together. It was no accidental coincidence of dates that brought the Spanish armies to Granada and the Spanish ships to Hispaniola in 1492. The Christian reconquest of Spain had been an age-long crusade, and Columbus was inspired by the same crusading motive. He would sail to the back-end of Asia, re-establish contact with the mythical Christian kingdoms there located and take the Moors in the rear. The Cid and Cortes are terms in the same series.

The estimate of the Conquistadors and their achievement is a very striking piece of work, and those who confess themselves fatigued by the remote barbarities of the Moorish age will find it much the most interesting part of the book. These crusaders set out with their crosses firmly stitched upon their backs—and found gold. Curious how the conflict of God and Mammon, so conspicuous in the history of our own Empire, in all ages, not excluding the present, reproduces itself in cruder colours in the Spanish America of Pizarro and Las Casas. Sir Frederick Lugard called his book on British Tropical Africa "The Dual Mandate." A philosophical Jesuit at the Court of Philip II might have criticized Spanish America under the same title.

Of the Moors and their contribution to civilization, M. Bertrand has a very low opinion. What is best in their art and their philosophy—and not much of it wins his admiration—he attributes to Roman or Christian-Spanish sources. Their vices, which were many, have left a legacy of evil to modern Spain.

Sir Charles Petrie has a difficult and depressing task in his account of the Decline and Fall, a story which has every element of tragedy except grandeur. From Philip II till Charles III Spanish civilization simply decayed, impoverished by the exodus of Christians to America, and the expulsion of Jews and Moors to —wherever they might go. From Charles III's time onward Spain has been beset by foreign cultures which have undermined the old Catholic-monarchic civilization without revealing a trace of capacity to build up anything worthy to takes its place. For a hundred years now Spanish history has been, in the brilliant phrase of Professor J. B. Trend, "a Ruritania without an Anthony Hope." And the end is not yet.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

HOLIDAYS and grouse. Grouse shooting is to the shooting man what fox-hunting is to the hunting man. I heard an argument about which sport is the most fatiguing. Clearly fox-hunting is the more dangerous, but grouse shooting is the more fatiguing. But in these days of comfortable lodges sportsmen lose the experience of the old tented canopies which did duty for shelter on the broad expanse of moor. Beds were not so soft, nor cooking so good as it is to-day, but when dusk came, and the tent coverings were let down, lamps lighted, with cigars, wine and whisky at hand, these old-fashioned shooting quarters, often called "Hills," were mighty good.

* * *

MEN then looked forward to the Twelfth. To-day it has become more than less an admixture of social adventures than a genuine sporting holiday. Incidentally, in old days on the large moors in the vicinity of the mines, miners had been out for a shoot some days before the Twelfth and had sent down to the London markets some score dozens of the birds. Has human nature changed since then?

* * *

AND this reminds me that there is still most excellent sport to be obtained in the preserves of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Stag, brown bear, chamois, wild boar, roebuck, partridge, pheasant, bustard, and capercailzie are all in the bag. Some proprietors of estates act as hosts, while others are only too glad to lease estates to sportsmen when not in residence, and the enterprising British firm of Messrs. Morris, of British Columbia House, Regent Street, can arrange whatever is required, even to all the extra details of transport from Vienna to the shooting estates, permits, licences, gamekeepers, stalkers, loaders and cartridges, and last but not least, the tips. The cost works out about £80 per gun upwards, and non-shooting members can join the shooting parties at a cost of seven guineas a week, a distinct advantage to the family man.

* * *

THE Austrian mountaineers are very skilful shots, and those who want to shoot chamois can be assured of sport as full of excitement as any of which I know. For the chamois is found chiefly in the most inaccessible parts of the woody regions of the Austrian mountains, and the marvellous balancing powers of these animals in their jumps from one rock projection to another, bodies perfectly balanced, makes them the most remarkable leapers in the world. Chamois-hunting is one of the most absorbing and strenuous sports, testing every ounce of skill and energy.

* * *

ROTTEN Row and the absence of watering to lay the dust seems as if there was little enterprise in those responsible for London's water. Surely sufficient water comes up the Thames every tide to water a million Rows and then some. A few water-carts could manage it easily.

* * *

AND so could our War Office authorities exercise a little more imagination. Manœuvres are to be sadly curtailed this year on account of the drought. One year it is the wet and another the expense, so the Army's important field-

training exercises are shorn of their vital parts. Why not test taking 20,000 men on to Salisbury Plain and rationing them with water from North Wales, the mechanized vehicles arranging for the necessary supplies. That would be a good test, too, of our mechanization, so much vaunted these days.

* * *

THAT the amenities of a town flat on modern lines should be available in the country is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." It appears to have been achieved at Grove Hall, Twyford, now adapted as a modern country hotel with fully furnished and equipped flats. Grove Hall stands in 4½ acres of its own grounds, laid out in tennis courts, croquet lawns, and a swimming pool is under construction. One may take a furnished flat and live there permanently, or pay a week-end visit as with an ordinary country hotel. This innovation is under the personal supervision of Major W. T. Blake, who inaugurated the Rock Hotel, Gibraltar, and is one of the pioneers of Empire air routes.

* * *

THE seventh Navy Week at Chatham should bring a large number of people to see the oldest of the Royal Dockyards, where the *Victory* was launched in 1765 and the latest *Arethusa* this year, and where young Francis Drake learnt to sail. They will carry away visions where sailors, marines and the engineer artificer are trained. A cruiser takes two years to build, but a sailor is a great deal longer in the making, and an artificer apprentice does four and a half years' training before he goes to sea.

* * *

THIS year the special display will be the representation of the attack on Zeebrugge, the epic feat of the war afloat, demonstrations of diving display, and of the British invention of the apparatus to enable men trapped in sunken submarines to escape. How our big guns are loaded with their one-ton projectiles and the chances of being able to lay and train a 4-inch gun should appeal to everyone, especially the boys, as also the opportunity to try their hands to shoot down a hostile aeroplane with a 4-inch high-angle gun. A ·22 miniature rifle range, the full-rigged scale model of the old two-decker battleship *Kent* of 175 years ago, apart from visits to 7,000-ton cruisers like the *Achilles* and *Orion*, battleships, destroyers and submarines are only additional items of absorbing interest to people of all ages who love their country and pride themselves on the wonderful history of the British Navy.

* * *

AND for those who preserve the commercial instinct of the nation's trade, let them remember that it is this Navy of ours which protects the 150 ships which arrive daily at our ports carrying 50,000 tons of food for our needs. The Navy is our insurance policy against starvation.

* * *

THAT there must be some changes in the rules of cricket in the near future seems certain. Not as regards the vexed question of leg-theory, but as regards the rules of l.b.w. and the question of draws. Cricket must be made more enterprising and exciting for the spectator. The question of each side playing an innings so long and no longer would help to brighten the game tremendously. It would make the scoring of runs an essential, and that is what batsmen are for. Woolley's "electric" knock the other day was a graphic example. So was Hendren's, a few years ago at the Oval, against Lancashire, the champion county.

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